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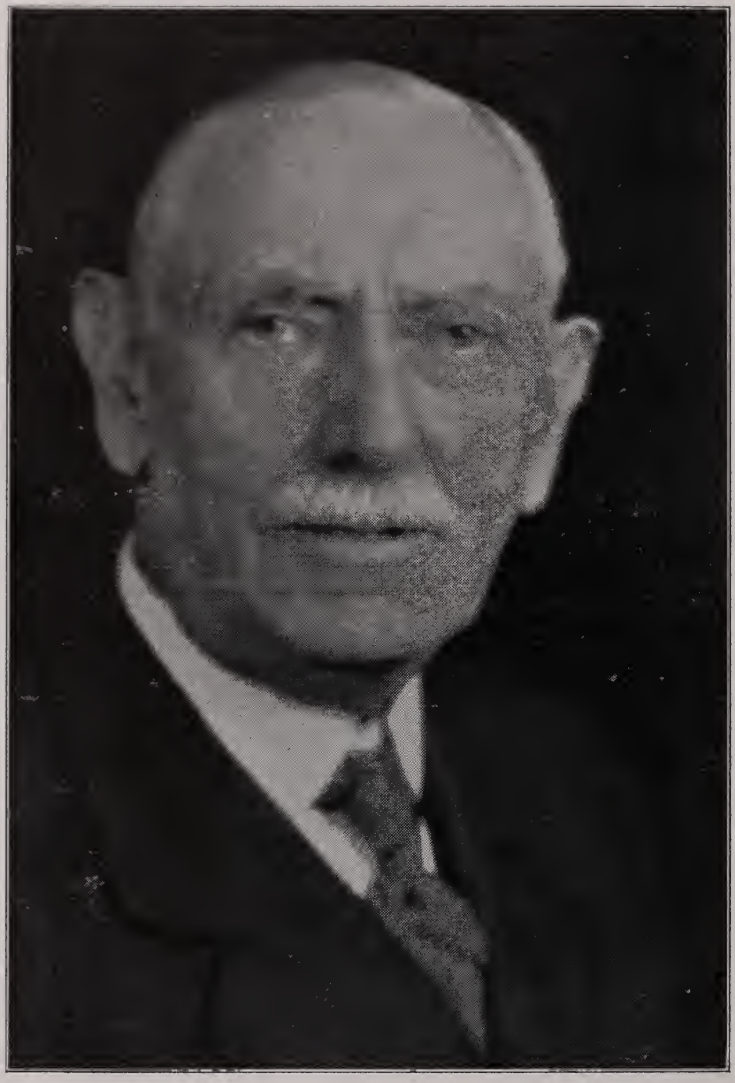

JOSEPH I. HORTON

Superintendent of Schools

We, the Class of 1934, have been granted the privilege of living under the kindly smile of a man who has given his life to education in Ipswich. With the love of a father he has watched over succeeding generations of boys and girls. He has won his way into our hearts with his hearty slap on the back and his gruff "Good Morning." The mischievous boy hangs his head when Dad Horton goes by, but if you take your punishment without a grouch, Dad will be the first to give you a boost up the ladder. He has tousled our hair and boxed our ears and winked at our girls, but to us and to you he's still "Dad Joe" Horton.

THE TIGER

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Editorial

WE now end our enjoyable days of high school life. Forty strong we go to swell the ranks of college students or youthful workers. With no regrets we face a new and larger problem, one which has faced the graduates of high schools for the last six years. Where can we find a place in a world already flooded with surplus hands and energy? How can we finance our advances into higher education? For four years we have had thrust at us the best Ipswich could give in the way of education. We have not found it lacking, and we have profited by it according to our individual mentalities. We have been the loudest protesters against the poor facilities for education in Ipswich, yet we are grateful for what has been given us. We only hope we shall be able to make our mark in the world and once again prove the mettle of Ipswich graduates.

Literary

Tales from the Fo'castle II

By John Alexander, Jr.

I STOOD upon the whale back in the bow of the "Donald" staring fixedly ahead through the darkness. The wind ran playful fingers through my hair, and the salt spray kicked up by the "Donald's" bow stung my cheek. The Chatham buoy with its whistle and light lay behind, and ahead was the open sea. The "Donald" met the long surge of the Atlantic on her port bow and rolled through them with long leaps. Muffled sounds of laughter came from the open fo'castle hatch, and the stars winked knowingly down at me. Mat came I walked slowly back over the worn on deck and took the lookout, and decks to the pilot house.

Malu hated wind; so he always kept the door and windows of the pilot house closed when he had the wheel. When I went in, it was pretty stuffy in there. I opened the doors and the side windows. I closed the door to the Skipper's cabin because he, too, didn't like much air. None of the sailors seemed to, in fact. I guess they've had too much during their life.

The "Donald" handled easily, and I nursed her along through the rising waves on a south, south east by a quarter east course. Fifteen minutes later Mat called out, "Light off the starboard bow. Four

points." The wind blew his voice back into the house so loud that it woke up the sleeping Captain. He came out of his cabin, closed the doors, and then leaned out the open window on the starboard side. He watched the passing boat for a while and then commented gruffly, "Frenchy's goin' home early. Only been out seven days. Must have some fish. I'd like to speak to him."

How he ever knew whose boat was passing in the darkness was more than I could figure out. He came over and stood behind me then and watched the compass for awhile.

"Pretty good for a lubber," he said. "Ever steer a boat before?"

"Nothing bigger than a yawl," I answered.

Silence for awhile, then, "Thinking of going to sea?"

"Yes," I said, "Why?"

"Stay away from it," he advised, "it's dirty business."

"Yeah! Then why are you here?"

He looked at me in a queer way for awhile, for I had forgotton whom I was speaking to; but he probably realized that I had risen to the defence of my chosen profession, and he turned away without reprimanding me. He fell silent. I stared moodily at the compass, busy with my own thoughts. As out of a dream I heard him speaking, as much to the wind as to me. Short and squat he was, and inarticulate he seemed from long silence. So I was surprised by his fluency when he began.

"I was born in Charlottetown on Cape Breton Island. I stayed home and helped the old man with his lobstering until I was about twenty. I had him and my Mother pretty well fixed by that time; so I decided to go and see something of the world I was living in. With a good supply of money I journeyed to Sidney. There I stayed for awhile to take in the sights. The place I liked the best was the wharf, with its forest of masts and spars and an occasional steamship. While wandering amongst this hustle and bustle one day, I met a fellow of about my age who had come from St. Johns on a Yankee trader. He told me that the Capt'n of his ship wanted another hand, and so I went and signed up with the brig, 'Barbs.' That start showed me the road I have traveled ever since. It has always been a bumpy one; but, my lad, once the sea gets you, you can never leave her and live. It's things like that accident on the old "Wycoff" that make you love the sea and exult in your power over it. That happened when I was third mate on her."

"What was that, sir?" I asked. "You haven't told me about that!"

"No?" A moody silence, then: "Well, we were bound for Cape Town from New York and were four days out when a northeaster came up and slapped down on our port side. Having plenty of sea room, the skipper of the old "Wycoff" up and decided that he'd hold his course for Cape Town 'stead of running off before the wind. For

while things went along all right; but when that old northeaster really got ablowing, we felt it and felt it plenty. Loaded down with machinery as she was, the "Wycoff" was taking a lot of punishment. Every time one of those heavy seas hit her side, she had to stop and shake off the effects of its blow like a punch-drunk fighter. Every time the waves rolled her stern out of water, the engines raced like mad, and she shook from stem to stern. Everything on deck not lashed down was washed overboard. It was almost impossible to cross the deck from the fo'castle hatch to the bridge. I didn't think she would stand that terrible battering long, but for ten weary hours we three mates and four helmsmen held her on her course.

"We were all watching a big wave hit the side when we heard a crack like the sail of a square rigger makes when it explodes in a heavy gale of wind. Rushing to the aft windows of the wheel house, we saw the cargo derrick, that great tall mass of steel and wood, laden with its booms and gear trailing over the lee side broken off barely five feet above the deck. The stern began to sink and the bow to rise. High into the howling wind it went, and the sea began to wash freely over the after deck. She swung swiftly off her course. The First and the Second jumped to help the men at the wheel but it was no use. All our strength together couldn't have pulled her back again. She wallowed deep in the trough of the sea and pitched madly over the crests. The next four seas, big fellows they were, smashed our boats to bits and rolled the tangled mass of derrick and rigging half off the stern. There the hoists and falls held it fast. Each new wave smashed down on us with more fury than the one before it. We either had to cut loose that derrick or go for a long visit to Davy Jones's Locker.

"Leaving one fellow at the wheel, we grabbed the axes stationed in the wheel house for emergencies and started for the door to the deck. We just got there when another billow went over us, and after it passed, we rushed out and down to the wreckage. We hacked away madly at the ropes. The axes struck sparks from the iron deck. We sweated and strove to get that derrick loose before the next wave came. Some of the men threw away their now dulled axes and fell to with their nails and teeth. Of a sudden the First yelled 'Hang on, for ———.'

"Men scurried for safety like rats. I sunk my axe into the splintered butt of the derrick and hung on grimly. An avalanche of frothy green water came rushing down on us and reached out hungry hands to tear our fingers from their holds. The flood passed; I looked up to find all the fellows safe, but not an axe left in the whole bunch. While they ran for the bridge, I hacked away frantically at what remaining ropes I could see. Fairly heaving my blunted axe at the last strand, I turned and ran for the bridge. I reached it just in time to turn and see the water wash away the last of the broken derrick. I ascended to the wheel house, where the men

who had risked their lives with me were waiting. As I entered, they fumbled with the chin straps of their sou'westers and, as one man, removed them from their heads. I stood gravely facing them and then stepped over and removed my headgear too."

"What were you doing, sir?" I asked, "Praying?" I felt like a fool when I'd said it, because it savored too much of the dramatic. The Skipper sensed it too, for he laughed soft of self-consciously and said:

"Naw, we had just met a guy that we had some respect for, and we were letting him know."

English

By Sylvia Ferguson

NOTHING is more beautiful or restful than to go to the theatre and sit back in the comfortable seats, forgetting for two or three hours the worries of the outside world.

Many times we go into the theater with minds in a turmoil, minds hungering for some relief. While waiting for the program to begin, we almost go to sleep. Everything is peaceful in the auditorium; the ushers seem to glide up and down the heavily carpeted aisles on magic feet. The spirit of restfulness grips everyone.

Softly, from far away the sound of beautiful music comes to our ears, and as it grows louder, we wake from our reverie to see the whole orchestra rising slowly as it plays upon an especially constructed platform.

Now we are fully awake and thoroughly enjoy the music. Then, all too soon, it dies way, slowly and softly, as it came, while in keeping with its beautiful strains we breathlessly watch the shimmering silk and satin curtains part and before our eyes is a fairyland of beauty, the masterpiece of some director.

You may wonder what this has to do with English. Perhaps you will agree when I tell how it symbolizes the study of English to me.

We study the masterpieces of Milton, Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and many others. We go to our classrooms to study and discuss them, and not one of us has the least idea of the true interpretation of the poem.

After a few of the well chosen questions that the teacher asks have reached us, we wake from our reverie to find that the shimmering curtains of intelligent understanding have parted, and we have before us a masterpiece which confirms the line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Dawn

By Mary Bakula

The world lies hushed in whiteness,
Beneath glittering stars and a silver moon;
Trees stand stately, white and bare,
Waiting for dawn to come soon.

Trees and branches rustle softly;
Far in the east faint lights quiver,
Waiting to wake the sleeping sun.
A restless wind waits by the river.

A brave rooster crows in the stillness
Waking the meadow larks in the lea;
A soft pink light floods the leaden skies
As the sun pokes a sleepy head from the sea.

Slowly he climbs up flushing skies,
Sending his sunbeams to every nook,
Watching the world blink from the brightness
And birds singing by the silvery brook.

Spring

By Helen Saunders

The buds from their beds will soon arise,
The trees will stretch and open their eyes,
And the birds in the meadows will begin to sing,
It's Spring! It's Spring!

Up will shoot flowers from beds in the snow,
Come to enchant us, their beauty to show,
And the children's voices will gaily ring,
It's Spring! It's Spring!

Seasons

By Sylvia Ferguson

An angel spilled God's paints—
An Autumn day,
A little child from Paradise—
Purity of Winter's day,
The overture to Life—
Our Springtime,
The joy of living—
A Summer season.

Graduation Essays

The Daily Newspaper

By Theodora Burbank

IN the passing of the years during the history of the world man has seen much improvement. The modern age with its rapid progress has brought us wonders that we little dreamed could ever exist. Yet in the hustle and bustle of every day life we hardly ever stop to consider the work behind these great wonders of ours.

Perhaps one of the greatest inventions of modern machinery was the linotype. This machine automatically produces and assembles, ready for the newpaper pages, type metal bars, each bearing properly adjusted the type characters to print an entire line. It was the invention of Ottmar Mergenthaler, a German clockmaker, who came to this country in 1872 and was employed by the United States Government as a mechanic in charge of clocks, bells, signal service, etc. He became connected later with an engineering firm in Baltimore. While engaged with that company, he began experiments which resulted in the machine bearing his name, Mergenthaler Linotype. There have been, naturally, many improvements in the operating of this machine, but its basic principle has remained the same. It easily does the work of six men working by the old hand method and does it in a more accurate manner, and resulted in completely revolutionizing the production of newspapers, making possible the production of more pages to a newspaper and cutting down the time of production of a sixteen to twenty-four page paper more than one-half.

The next invention which proved of great interest to the newspaper maker was the invention of the webb-perfecting press. This was invented by R. M. Hoe of New York in 1866. This caused another revolution in the art of producing a newspaper, making possible the production at that time of thirty to fifty thousand per hour of a sixteen to twenty-four page newspaper, wheretofore it had been possible to print only eight pages at the rate of fifteen to eighteen hundred papers per hour. The webb press, the linotype, and the autoplate casting machine were the completion of a triumvirate that made possible the fifty to sixty page newspaper that you pick off the door step just before you sit down to breakfast every morning.

The auto-plate caster automatically casts plates the size of a newspaper page at the rate of four per minute. They are cast in a half circle to fit on the cylinder of a perfecting press from a matrix or flong made of blotting paper and tissue paper fastened together with a paste made for this purpose. This matrix or flong, as it is called, is placed over the form of type and rolled down on a moulding press which leaves an impression of the

type page on the matrix. It is then dried in an electric oven and placed in the casting box of the auto-plate.

When all the modern machinery was placed in operation, much fear was expressed by labor that it would displace many of the workers, but the reverse has been true in this case. There has been a sixty to seventy per cent increase in the number employed in the industry owing to the fact that newspapers have increased their size from eight and twelve pages to an average of forty to sixty pages daily, including the Sunday issue. This has required a great many more employees outside of the setting of type and make-up of the pages, although this end has required a great increase in workers.

Since the inventions of these revolutionary methods, there has come a great improvement in the production of books and magazines. Color work has been added by what is known as the offset process, which has greatly increased the value of the publications as advertising mediums and has created a more skilled class of workers in the technical parts of newspaper and magazine printing. The old-time worker has by no means lagged behind, but has kept pace with the modern methods and is looked upon as the real backbone of the industry.

It is a very interesting thing to note the great number of professional men who have been newspaper workers. Statesmen, doctors of the various branches of medicine, clergymen, politicians, and practically any profession which you may name has had, and does have today, its quota of newspaper men.

A story is first received in a newspaper office by the head of the news desk. To make the situation seem more real, we can use the sinking of the "Titanic" in 1912 as a specific example. This story was on the street forty minutes after it was received over the wire.

The story is given out to re-write men who write it in its proper form for publication. It is then sent to the Composing Room where it is marked or keyed in the sequence of paragraphs. These men who do this work are called copy cutters. The copy cutters give it to the men who run the linotypes. Here it is set up in type and a proof taken of it. The proof is sent to the Proof Room where it is read and then returned to what is called a revise bank. This is a slanting desk on which the necessary corrections in the proof are made.

The story is received next by the make-up men who make it up in columns. This department is connected with the editorial room, because it is necessary for the headings and other such material to be written here.

The page is then made on the molding press into a matrix which is dried in an electric oven. In the auto-plate machine the matrix makes four plates per minute in the circular form of metal. This is the next to the last step, for the story is then locked on the presses and printed in the form of our daily newspaper.

A story as human and pathetic as the sinking of the "Titanic" shows the co-operation of the newspaper men, for many had friends on that boat but did not allow their

personal feelings to over-rule the necessity of getting the story before the public.

There are many sections and departments to a paper. Each has its own staff. Today women are editing pages of interest to women, while years ago a woman was not allowed near a newspaper.

The book reviews are written by the most eminent critics in the country. The theatrical news is covered by a man whose sole work it is to see the cinemas and plays and write them up. Of great interest to young and old alike are the comic strips. Most of these are syndicated; that is, they are owned by a large firm who has the right to sell them all over the country. That is the reason that Maggie can be found beating poor Jiggs with the rolling pin not only from coast to coast, but even in foreign countries, and "Moon" Mullens is as well known in San Bernardino, California, as in Skowhegan, Maine. To illustrate the value of the comics, Sydney Smith, the owner of the Gump family, was offered $150,000 for the rights to it, but refused to sell.

The photo-engravers play a prominent part in the production of a newspaper, for it is through their work that the pictures are reproduced in a newspaper.

All this and even more labor goes into the production of the newspaper for which you protest paying two cents a day.

The newspaper is but one of the wonderful inventions which the years have brought us. And as the years roll by, who knows or can guess what the world of Progress will bring us.

Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony

By Curtis Haley

THE Puritan migration to New England marks the dawn of a new era in the course of the world's history. The voyage of the "Mayflower" was one of the events in this era and was followed in a few years by the extensive settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The moral and political issues involved in the struggles of the English Parliament with Charles the First were to become of world-wide importance, and the influence of the men associated with Oliver Cromwell has left a lasting influence on the welfare of mankind.

This year commemorates the three hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Ipswich, and it is the oldest town in Essex County which has remained three hundred years a town.

Originally Ipswich embraced the present towns of Essex and Hamilton. When first discovered by the English, the land was owned and occupied by Masconomo and known as Agawam. Masconomo sold his title to John Winthrop for twenty pounds. The original deed of this transaction is preserved among the Winthrop papers at the Essex Institute.

John Winthrop, son of the Governor, was the leader in the expedition of twelve men who came to Agawam in March of 1633, or August 4, 1634 (old style). The settlement attained sufficient importance and dignity to be incorporated as a town and the General

Court so decreed. Ipswich derives its name from Ipswich in "Old England," in acknowledgement of the great honor and kindness done to our people who took shipping there.

The first English to visit Agawam came in 1611, but it remained for Captain John Smith, the celebrated explorer and colonist, to leave us a detailed account of Ipswich and vicinity. Smith in 1614 describes Agawam's many hills planted to corn and Plum Island to the East with its groves of Mulberry trees.

William Wood in his "New England Prospect" describes Agawam as "one of the most spacious places for a plantation." Thus the permanent settlement by John Winthrop and others can easily be understood. Even the historian of the Pilgrim colony at Plymouth relates that in the very first winter of 1620, some of the Pilgrims urged removal to Agawam because of its excellent harbor, better ground, and better fishing.

The settlers of Ipswich were men of intelligence and sterling character. John Winthrop, at twenty-eight years of age the leader in the settlement of 1633, was a graduate of Trinity College, a member of the bar, and a veteran of the English navy. A man of culture, he gathered about him in the first settlement others of eminent parts, which made Ipswich from the beginning a town of rare quality.

The Rev. Nathaniel Ward, author of the "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," was the first pastor of the church organized in 1634. The life of Ward is the history of an irreconcilable Puritan, summoned before Archbishop Laud for non-conformity and roughly excommunicated. Ward, with hundreds of others, found a field for usefulness in New England, and when he was sixty-four years of age, we find him here in Ipswich. The Rev. Nathaniel Ward is the author of the code of laws known as the "Body of Liberties," the first code of laws established in New England. A very witty man, Mr. Ward remarked to Cotton Mather that he had only two comforts to live upon, the one in the perfections of Christ, the other, in the imperfections of Christians.

Richard Saltonstall was another who came early to Ipswich and participated in a prominent manner in the affairs of Ipswich. Governor Thomas Dudley made Ipswich his early home, and his daughter Anne married Simon Bradstreet, afterwards Governor of the colony, and was the first woman to write poetry in the new world.

One of the original developments in the Massachusetts colony was the separation of the colony into towns. There was nothing in the land the Puritan left that contained such an institution, and as Jefferson remarked of the New England towns, "they are the vital principle of their government." The towns ordered their local affairs, disposed of land, and elected officers, and the town meeting supplied a definite necessity in the exercises of government. In the development of town government and the town meeting, Ipswich, because of its members and wealth, played a notable part.

The early records of Ipswich disclose the active interest of the founders in the public schools. In the founding of a Puritan commonwealth sometimes called a "Bible Commonwealth," the settlers were determined that their posterity should secure all the benefits of education and from the beginning learning and religion were united. Intelligence and virtue were the results.

The grammar school, early established, had for its teacher the renowned Ezekiel Cheever, afterwards called to the Boston Latin School. The funds of the grammar school since appropriated to the Manning School were greatly benefited by the bequest of Little Neck.

The colonial records of seventeenth century Ipswich revealed many of the hardships of the founders of our Commonwealth. The first houses were probably made of logs, the roofs were thatched, and many a pitiful story is learned of their destruction in the early years by fire.

In a self-supporting community such as colonial Ipswich, the many necessities of life were produced within the town itself. The virgin soil, redeemed by extreme toil, yielded the staple crops of which corn was the most important. The sawmill came into early use as did the hemp-mill and the malt-kiln, and upon the banks of the Ipswich river were found many pioneer industries. From the beginning an extensive fishing industry gave many a livelihood. Fishing stages were maintained at Jeffries Neck and as far as the Isle of Shoals.

We have many records of the social life of Colonial Ipswich, and while the Puritans are often pictured as cold and austere, the story of a young man, found guilty of making love to his neighbor's daughter without her parent's consent and fined five pounds, is sufficient proof of the human weakness of the times. The visitor to Ipswich in 1685 also tells of the lively circulation of news and his trip to Rowley to witness a football game in which the players were barefooted.

In a brief sketch of colonial Ipswich it is possible to mention only a few events which are of great importance, and a few of those men whose lives have left a profound influence and impression.

The early military records tell of the part played by the men of Ipswich in disarming the Sagamore of the Merrimac and the beginning of the long military record of Denison, son-in-law of Governor Dudley and later a Major-General of the colony.

William Hubbard, minister of the church at Ipswich, has left valuable narratives of King Phillip's War. Hubbard was a member of the first class to graduate from Harvard, and is described—"for many years the most eminent minister in Essex County and superior to all his contemporaries as a writer."

The terrible destruction to life and property during King Phillip's War has been recorded by Mr. Hubbard, and the part played by the town of Ipswich is worthy of note. There were several men from Ipswich killed at Bloody Brook in the ambuscade laid by the Indians.

Major Samuel Appleton of Ipswich early took the field and be-

cause of his ability was promoted to command all the troops of Massachusetts Bay.

The Reverend Thomas Franklin Waters relates of the hardships and losses sustained by this old town in the long struggle with the Indians. Many a story of the Narragansett campaign was told about the firesides of Ipswich two hundred and fifty years ago.

The restoration of the Stuart Charles the Second brought thirty years of uncertainty for the colonies. The colonists were a part of the traditions of the Long Parliament and friendly to the men who deposed the Stuarts.

The political conception of Massachusetts was based on the idea that the charter left no right to the crown other than those actually reserved. Charles the Second sent his Commissioners to New England to enforce all laws, and their presence was at once resented. The colonists deemed the Commissioner's actions unwarranted intrusions on their political sovereignty.

It is said that all persons took the liberty to abuse Edward Randolph, agent of the king, and the demand made that Massachusetts surrender its charter was seriously debated in the colony.

On December 20, 1686, Sir Edmund Andros arrived in Boston accompanied by one hundred soldiers and supported by the English frigate, "The Rose," with his commission as royal governor of the Massachusetts Bay and all of New England. Andros demanded the churches to open their doors to the Church of England out of which the founders had fled. He claimed all land for the King of England and finally ordered the levying of taxes for the maintenance of his own government.

The following year, August of 1687, the warrants were executed levying a tax, not in itself excessive, and ordering the towns to appoint a collector, who, with the selectmen, should assess each town's quota.

The Rev. Washington Choate, in an address delivered nearly fifty years ago on the Andros Remonstrance has this to say of the most important period in the town's history, "Out from the century and a half which lies between the settlement of Agawam under the leadership of John Winthrop, the son of Massachusetts' first governor, and that dividing line of colonial and national life the War of the Revolution, there arises before us one decade in which occurred the event which calls for the loyal remembrance of each successive generation."

The General Court, at the time of the Restoration of Charles the II, had reasserted the rights of the Massachusetts Colony under its Charter,—those essential privilieges of a democracy within the limits of a Puritan commonwealth, the rights of the freemen to select their own governor, judges, and representatives, and to assess and collect taxes by their own officers.

The Ipswich town meeting was held August 23rd, 1687, but on the night before some twelve or fourteen men, including the Rev. John Wise, met at the house of John Appleton, town clerk, and resolved that the act of levying taxes in the manner specified by the Andros warrant abridged their liberties and agreed not to commit the town to this method of the said "Sir Edmund and his council." The town meeting held the next day unanimously voted not to concur in the demands of Governor Andros.

The leader in this Remonstrance was the Reverend John Wise of Chebacco parish. The importance of the position taken by Wise and his associates can be understood, for in 1687 Ipswich was second only to Boston in population, wealth, and influence .

The penalty of leadership fell upon Wise, and he and five others were soon arrested, carried to the old stone jail in Boston, denied the writ of Habeas Corpus, tried by a packed jury, and found guilty of contempt and misdemeanor. Excessive fines were imposed, and Mr. Wise was suspended from the Ministry.

Thus it was from Ipswich that the first open resistance to the British crown was offered, and of that historic occasion, two hundred and forty-seven years ago this summer, Ipswich rightfully deserves the honor of the birthplace of American Independence.

The freemen of Ipswich, with their charter rights abrogated, stood upon the same principle as John Hampden when he resisted the taxation of Charles the First, and John Wise made affirmation of his rights as an Englishman protected by Magna Charta.

Rufus Choate, a son of Ipswich, in his oration delivered one hundred years ago at the two hundredth anniversary of the Incorporation of Ipswich has this to say of John Wise and Ipswich: "These men may justly claim a distinguished rank among the patriots of America. You, their townsmen, may well be proud of them, prouder still, but more grateful than proud, that a full town meeting of the freemen of Ipswich adopted unanimously that declaration of right, and refused to collect or pay the tax which would have made them slaves. The principle of that vote was precisely the same on which Samuel Adams, Hancock, and Warren resisted the Stamp Act — the principle, that if any po wer but the people can tax the people, there is an end of liberty."

We hold the heritage of the Puritan fathers in high esteem. It is to the virtues of the early settlers that we owe the bed rock of character on which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was founded. The town of Ipswich was settled by men and women who sought the light of a Power higher than their own, and in the hearts of those who landed on these shores three hundred years ago, come germs of creative life that were not crushed but cherished. And in the words of John Greenleaf Whittier:

"The great eventful Present hides the Past;

but through the din

Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time."

Olympic Games

By Marion Perkins

A SUBJECT of ever-increasing interest to its fans all over the world is athletics. Athletics serves two purposes, for they are conducted either for business or for pleasure. The higher type, which is conducted for pleasure, develops healthy bodies, promotes moderate recreation, and forms ideal habits of living. The other type has three aims: to win games, to make money, and to win either personal or group fame. Such a large group of people are interested in the latter type that no roofed building has ever been erected large enough to hold the throngs which gather to witness various athletic games. Athletics is now being more fully appreciated and developed. The length to which this athletic enthusiasm has gone is far beyond our comprehension. Athletics, with us, stands for democracy, self-control, honesty, and patience. Their origin and growth is of the greatest importance to us, for the Olympics have made for democracy and leveled social distinctions by the just and fair manner in which they are conducted and by the spirit of friendliness which they create.

Farther back than any historian has ever recorded, a group of Greeks began to hold foot-races in honor of Zeus, a Greek god. These races, which were held yearly, gradually became an affair of national importance. The ancient Olympics were held in the valley of Elis, a remote part of Greece, and it was there that the Grecian athlete strove for fame. In the course of time, boxing, wrestling, discus-throwing, chariot racing, and other athletic games were added to the original foot-race. These games were held every four years, and spectators came by the thousands, stayed for about a week, and then were gone for another four years. The games were celebrated near the end of summer, when rain was least expected, since a wet season would have turned Olympia into a scene of misery. About a month before the festival, messengers went throughout Greece proclaiming a sacred truce, and all Greeks were forbidden to bear arms during the season of the games. Those who entered the list were compelled to undergo special gymnastic training and to show a name free from civic or personal dishonor.

A boy's companion may overlook many things, but a boy who cheats or is the least bit unfair in his games soon becomes an outcast. In all the decades and in all the contests at Olympia the rumor of dishonesty did not arise once in a hundred years.

At first the contestants were of pure Hellenic blood, but later, after the infusion of the Roman people into Greece, both Greeks and Ro-

mans participated. To be a victor in these games was the greatest joy in the life of any boy and the glory about which all fathers dreamed. For that very purpose the boys were put in training at the age of seven, and the training continued for more than thirty years. The prize was simply a crown of wild olive, nothing more, but this was the greatest honor a Greek could ever attain, and whatever position of power or fame he may have later achieved, his proudest title was "Olympian Victor." He was greeted at home by his fellow citizens with a mighty celebration for which, during the illustrious period of Greece, the leading poet of poets composed a song, which was rendered by a large chorus of trained singers. A statue was erected in his honor at his home and perhaps at Olympia; and if he had won three victories the statue was his own likeness. During the rest of his life he was a chief citizen. The wildest uproars for a modern athlete have no parallel for the usual, the customary honors conferred upon an athlete of intellectual Greece. However, in the year 396 A.D. the Roman Emperor issued a decree forbidding further celebration of the games in Greece. These body building and brain building exercises were continued in a slight degree, through personal interest, in several other countries.

After a lapse of fifteen centuries Baron Pierre de Coubertin brought about the modern revival. His personal admiration of the English public schools and English ideals of sport influenced him to determine to impart those ideals both to France and to the rest of the world by organizing an amateur meeting of all the nations in athletic rivalry every four years. The first celebration of the revival was appropriately held in Athens in 1896, where the famous Marathon Race was standardized. This celebration was made possible by the munificence of a private citizen of Greece, and forty-four nations were represented by one or more delegates each. The London Olympiad of 1908 is regarded, however, as marking the commencement of a fresh athletic era throughout the world. During this new era, women were introduced into the ranks of athletes, and they are attaining a surprising degree of efficiency. They have raised themselves to an equal basis with the men in nearly all sports. They excel in diving and swimming, although there are many other educational sports which have attracted their attention. The records which they have made in the Olympics are comparable to the record of high school and preparatory school boys. In mentioning the place of women in the Olympics, it is only natural to mention "Babe" Didrikson. She is the heroine of the Olympic Games, the breaker of records, and a winner of championships in an amazing variety of strenuous athletic sports, and the most important fact to us is that she is a United States athlete. She is a model American girl, for through athletics she has maintained a healthy body, an intelligent mind, and a charming personality.

The chief management of the Olympic Games centers about the International Olympic Committee.

This committee consists of representatives from each of the sixty-five competing countries. Each nation has its own Olympic council. This council contains one or more representatives of every association governing every sport in the country, and a few other co-adopted members chosen for their special knowledge or experience in organization. The funds necessary for the nation's participation in the Olympics is raised through this organization. Although there is not supposed to be any special classification of results which show any nation as "the winning nation," the national councils have a great tendency to find the exact position of their nation in each Olympiad.

The Olympic Games which should be of the most interest to us, as American people, were those of the tenth Olympiad, held in Los Angeles, California, in July, 1932. In preparation for this grand event, it may be said, a city was built to order. "Olympic Village," as it was named, sprang up almost over night. This was the headquarters and residence of athletes, coaches, and trainers from all parts of the world. The village consisted of a series of two-room houses, each accommodating four men. In addition there was an administration building and a main dining-room, which was approximately twelve hundred feet long. The dining-room was divided into separate rooms, so that each team could make its own eating arrangements. Each team also brought with it its own cooks, so that the contestants were enabled to adhere to the diets to which they had become accustomed. The feminine athletes, their coaches, and trainers were housed and entertained in the residence halls of the University of Southern California. The major portion of the events were held in the Coliseum, which was reconstructed as the Olympic Stadium. It is the largest athletic arena in the world up to the present date. The athletes were stationed thirty-five feet below ground level, and the famous quarter-mile track was constructed around this space. Dressing-rooms and showers for a thousand contestants were an integral part of the structure. One noteworthy feature was the system of tunnels which led to the dressing-rooms, under the seats to the "pits" adjoining the edge of the playing field. Here other tunnels connected and led under the track to trap-doors on the field itself. Added to all the other comforts of home, physicians, dentists, and American Red Cross nurses and workers were present to carry out a well organized program of health and sanitation.

The tenth Olympiad was held for sixteen days—from July 30 to August 14, inclusive. Over seventy thousand spectators were present in the huge Olympic Stadium to witness the event. Every day during that period, the crowd was fed on thrills; but as the program came to an end, it was still hungry for more.

The Olympic Games are important for many reasons, but one of the greatest is because of their position as an instigator of world peace. Few can appreciate the friendly feeling created among nations by this world-wide gathering. An im-

portant factor in regard to the tenth Olympiad was its position as a "depression buster." Six million dollars was spent in preparation for it, and many thousand men were given employment in preparing for and producing the games.

In these games "equality" is the slogan. A small town boy has as great a chance to make good as a city-bred boy. A fine example of this "equality" is the case of David Colwell of Byfield, who is a relative of one of Manning's recent graduates. He made a remarkable showing in one of the recent Olympiads and was highly honored.

The Olympics are rapidly spreading over the entire world and many small countries hold games every four years which are similar to the world-wide Olympics. These Olympiads are producing a group of husky, healthy champions who are nearly as great as the true Olympic victors.

In gazing back into the athletic history of yore, one cannot but be impressed by the manifold advantages the youth of today has over his athletic ancestors of twenty centuries ago. Likewise, it becomes clear that the modern Olympic Games have become, in all human probability, a permanent feature in the world's calendar of sport; and athletics is making better men and women of the present-day youth.

American Shipping

By John Alexander, Jr.

AMERICAN Shipping had its birth with the coming of the Pilgrims. These adventurers were financed by English merchants who were interested in the possibilities of building a new commerce with a new land. Every boatload of new emigrants brought manufactured articles to the colonies and returned to Britain laden with raw materials from the new America. The Puritans were even more ambitious for commerce with England, for their larger settlement needed more supplies. The Dutch in New Amsterdam, of course, carried on a lively trade with their own mother country as did the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Germans, who came to the new land in increasing numbers. Every ship brought more immigrants, and thus the supply of imports increased to meet the ever growing demand, and the colonies exported all surplus products. Besides this need for trade the new Americans were people from great seafaring nations, and they turned naturally to the sea as the element with which they were the most familiar. Thus the American merchant marine flourished and grew.

As the years passed, the Yankees began to branch out in their commerce. They developed a trade with the West Indies in rum and molasses. They sent their vessels directly to the Cape of Good Hope, to Hindustan, Java, and Sumatra. They carried on a lively trade with

Japan through the Dutch in the East Indies. They were among the first to trade along the east coast of South America, and for a long time they had a monopoly of the West African trade. In all their commerce they followed the same plan, that of exchanging what they had that somebody else needed for what somebody else had that they needed.

As the traders ventured out into the ocean, the builders ventured into new fields of construction and built more and better ships. In 1769 the colonies were launching approximately 389 vessels a year. One out of every six vessels built was sold to foreign concerns, and this led to disputes with English shipbuilders. A vessel could be built for twenty dollars less a ton in the colonies than it could be built in England and built better in the bargain. Business dropped off sharply for the English shipbuilding firms, and many of the workers left England to come to work in the American shipping industry. The shipbuilders demanded legislation to protect them from the rising American building, and their demand was answered by the Government in the law forbidding British subjects to buy ships built in the colonies.

Then the ambitious Yankee merchant-ship owners began to tread on the toes of the British merchants, and the Americans began to look towards liberty. To crush the freedom movement and to aid the bleating British merchants, Parliament passed laws limiting and hampering American commerce. By this legislation they aimed to destroy the direct trade of the colonists with Europe and their trade with the West Indies. However, the colonists entirely disregarded these laws, sometimes successfully, and sometimes at the loss of a beautiful ship and her cargo.

American shipping slumped decidedly during the Revolution, but maritime initiative was kept alive by privateering. These privateers took more prizes than the United States Navy did, and they made great sums of money from these ventures. The Revolution ended, our mariners, feeling secure in their newly won independence, planned more adventurous voyages than they had ever dreamed of before. They fared forth and found that the sea was not the freeman's paradise of which they had dreamed. Preying on American commerce became an international maritime sport. England stopped American ships on the high seas and impressed American seamen into her navy and passed legislation at home which allowed her subjects to buy only the crudest of American products. During the Napoleonic wars our shipping was ravaged severely, many ships and their crews being captured by the opposing factions. Each side forbade neutrals to trade with the other, and each side seized vessels caught doing so. Yet under these conditions our shipping attained its most rapid growth. The Yankee shipowner with his fast, fleet vessels was able to carry cargoes to the waring nations at high profits to himself, even if he did lose a vessel now and then by confiscation.

Spirit was so aroused against the English, however, for their impressing of American seamen that we went to war with them in 1812, and during the war shipping here was at a standstill. At the close of the struggle, however, the Yankee again sprang to the fore in shipping circles and shortly after gained the advantage over Great Britain which gave America the rule of the seas.

Britian's commerce became so great that the mercantile houses and the shipping companies, which had been one and the same up to this time, were forced to separate. The merchant was no longer able to keep up with the ever changing routes, the tremendous importations, reladings, and re-exportations. New ship owning companies were formed to relieve the congestion. These companies carried the goods of several merchants over a fixed route at fixed rates. This new arrangement had a baneful effect upon European commerce primarily because the new ship-owner had no interest in the trade he was counted on to serve. Merchants could not come to rely on the new companies as they had on their own ships. The new companies had not the resources of the mercantile houses and if they suffered a loss they would not return to their original port. They invoked insurance protection to an extent unknown before, and they compelled the merchant to carry costly protection on his goods. The rates increased rapidly and mercantile initiative failed. The Americans, with their shipping a part of the commerce it served, stepped in and seized the markets Europe could no longer handle.

Their shipbuilders answered the call for more vessels by producing the packet ship. They placed these ships in the trans-Atlantic service and no other nation sought to rival them. The packet was built with the necessary bluffness and freeboard for the rough Atlantic crossing, but below decks they had the fineness of yachts. They were used mostly for passenger service, mail, and package freight.

At this time, steam was first used as a means of propulsion on ships. The "Savannah," an American vessel, made a trial passage from New York to Havre and although it was successful, the steamship met with little favor in America. Britain, eager to obtain a means by which to regain her power on the sea and despairing of ever equaling the American skill in building sailing ships, began to investigate and improve the new steam vessel. In 1840, the Cunard line, under special government subsidy, placed the four steamers "Arcadia," "Britannia," "Columbia," and "Caledonia" in the trans-Atlantic trade. These steamers did not rival in the least the packet ship in speed or luxuriousness of appointment, but to the attentive American shipper they represented the nucleus of a great change in shipping.

In answer to the challenge of the steamship the Americans built the famous clippers. They had their packet ships to make the New York Liverpool trip in nine days; so they

built the clipper fast and deep for the deep water trades. They came nearer to the perfect in hull design than any mode of hull until the semi-bulbous prow of ships of today. The clippers, with their wet free board, battened hatches, and great expanses of billowing sail, made passages through the Pacific to China never equalled by sail again. They were the last word in sailing ships and a pure American invention. No other maritime nation could ever hope to create their equal in sail. America with her clipper could have ruled the wave a century longer had it not been for the Civil War.

In steam, too, we outclassed the British. Under government subsidy the Collins line placed the steamships "Arctic," "Baltic," "Pacific," and "Atlantic" in the trans-Atlantic trade in 1850, and we already had a steam fleet of coastal vessels.

Then came the Civil War, when our Merchant Marine was at the height of its glory. Our flag was on every highway of commerce. Our total ocean going tonnage had reached 2,496,894 dead weight tons. We were the king of the seas, and our builders were ready to meet every advance in the shipping of the world with a greater advance. Just at the time when our supremacy on the sea seemed secure, the hand of fate moved back the clock, and we found ourselves at the bottom of the maritime ladder. By the ravages of Confederate cruisers, the demoralization of our industries and commerce, the sale of our vessels into foreign registry, and the bankruptcy of many of our shipowners, half our merchant marine was wiped out. We were left with 1,486,749 tons of practically obsolete ships. The world had swung from sail and wooden ships to steam and steel ships, and America was not equipped with yards to build the new steel vessels. Our people had to turn from a broken Merchant Marine to internal resources to recoup their lost capital and to establish themselves once more on a firm financial footing.

From the close of the war between the states until the World War, our Merchant Marine hardly equaled that of a third or fourth rate power. The capital in the United States was occupied in cultivating the hordes of immigrants brought into this country in foreign bottoms. Our flag was seen in fewer and fewer harbors by American tourists. Every fifty years that separated us from the days of our maritime glory saw the enthusiasm for an American Merchant Marine go down a notch. American mercantile initiative became almost nil. We began to take a false pride in what we called trade seclusion and the sea, our natural heritage, was forgotten.

The World War jarred us out of our rut and, because of our lack of ocean transportation facilities, cost us millions of dollars in fees to other nations for transporting our troops and in foolish building activities. We built ships that sank when launched. We raised ship yards like Hog Island that cost us $66,000,000 and is a white elephant on the government's hands today. All that waste of time and money

because we didn't have a sufficiently large merchant marine. After the war we had a boom when any bottom was worth its weight in gold, and we Yanks sent tubs off to sea that should never have been launched. When the drop came, they found their ways to mud banks in home and foreign ports, and it is there you will find the American Merchant Marine today. After spending $200,000,000 on shipping, we are back where we were at the start, namely, at the bottom.

Now after five years of world wide depression, the maritime nations of the world are once more sending out their scouts in search of a commerce which has not shown its head since the beginning of the depression. They are commencing to rebuild their shattered shipping. The British are building the Cunard liner "534" which they say will be larger, faster, and more luxurious than any liner ever built. Germany with her "Bremen" and "Europa," Italy with her "Rex," and France with the "Isle de France" are prominent members in the trans-Atlantic race. Great Britain is forming the nucleus of a freight fleet with which she hopes to carry the world's commerce.

With all this activity going on around it, the United States has not stood still. Our United States lines have built two splendid new cabin cruisers, the "Washington" and the "Manhattan." Sandy Dollar's fleet of world tramps weathered the storm of the depression and now form the beginning of a new American merchant marine. Our merchants have learned that domestic trade is not enough, and our people now know that we can not live successfully w i t h i n ourselves. Young men are once again looking towards the sea for a livelihood. American legislatures are endeavoring to aid American shipping. The port of Boston has been made a free port by Congress within the last few weeks. Now in a special zone on the water front, provided especially for the purpose, foreign goods may be landed, stored, and prepared for reshipping, tax and duty free. New York and Baltimore have been free ports for a century, and now many more may join them along with Boston. It remains to the American people to work up a genuine enthusiasm for American owned and operated ships to carry American goods. Without a nation wide interest in shipping it will probably fail, for shipping depends on the produce and industry of the whole nation. We have but to have our ships ready to serve the market that eventually must rise.

Class Day Parts

Class History

By Charles Crossman

AS I was reading through an old "Cub" recently, I saw that the brilliant class of '34 entered Manning on a rainy day in September, 1929. We felt as teary as the weather, especially as amid falling plaster and the jeers of the upper classmen we took our places for the coming year.

Haley, our politician, upon being elected president, asked, "What shall we do now?" Having been elected to that office for four successive years, he has since learned what to do and doesn't have to ask such questions.

One evening, the modest freshmen attended the Sophomore-Freshman social and were introduced to that wonder of wonders, the Manning High Dance Orchestra.

But the real highlight of our freshman year was the great show held in our spacious assembly hall. In "The Patriot's Dream" thrills were repeatedly handed out. Mr. Conary stood at the back door firing blank cartridges. A machine gun flashed forth fire on the stage. Alexander, that authority on the sea, was the great hero in this play. As the hall spewed forth its vast crowd, tears could be seen in the eyes of many.

In our sophomore year we felt the most important, but judging from the records we accomplished the least. That was the year Joe Podmostka, our class athlete, made his letter as first string center, and John Saunders, the class clown, nut, and bluffer joined us.

We did put on a play celebrating the greatness of Lincoln. This play had great possibilities until undertaken by our class. Scahill sawed out an Irish jig. The cast danced, the stage shook, the plaster hung in mid-air, and the audience sat spellbound as the players forgot their parts.

On November first of our junior year the boys of Manning went to the Green Street grounds where we excavated for the new athletic field until 2:30 when a heavy rain fell. Many a lad attended the Senior Depression social that evening with blistered hands and aching backs, but of course that didn't decrease their capacity for cider and doughnuts.

"Jerry of Jericho Road," an operetta, with Robert Laite singing in a pair of winter underwear and with Alexander furnishing the lighting effects, was a success.

All winter the chief topic of discussion was whether we should have class rings or a Junior Prom. Haley with all his flowery speech couldn't quell the mob when it got started on the ring question. It was sometime in May when we received our rings, and a few of us still have them.

Many events have happened the past year. Sylvia Ferguson, who came to us during our Junior year, played the leading lady in our Senior Play. Opposite her played Dana Brown, our passionate lover, both on and off the stage. Miss Singer as Aunt Hattie nearly stole the show, and Alexander brought us a laugh, trying to talk through his mustache. But Haley, the boy who never exerts himself, took the cake by playing the hard worker.

Joe Podmostka led the football, hockey, and baseball teams through successful seasons. Due to the fact that there was no basketball this last season, we had Scott and Wile as forwards on the hockey team.

In closing we, the class of '34, wish to express our regret that Francis Kent can not be graduating with us. We all admire his grit and wish him success next year.

So much for the past. Now listen to the future.

Class Prophesy

Place: Ipswich Airport

Time: 1954

Sylvia: Excuse me, is this the suite of your stunt flyer, Miss Mansfield?

Edith: Yes, it is.

Sylvia: Is she in just now?

Edith: I am Edith Mansfield.

Sylvia: Edith! I didn't expect to see you so much stouter. How glad I am that I found you here. Do you remember the good days in Manning?

Edith: Yes indeed, but who — why, you are Sylvia Ferguson, the famous doctor, aren't you? I didn't expect to find you so much thinner.

Sylvia: Yes, I am a doctor, Edith, and I love my work so much. You have a wonderful airport here. I've heard a great deal about your breath-taking stunts. Who was the pilot just taking off as I came in?

Edith: That's Annie Sojka. I've been training her, and although she doesn't need any airplane to reach the sky, she's a very promising student but quite expensive too, for she needs a specially designed machine so that she can manipulate her long limbs gracefully. Did you know that Harold Wile has acquired a bay window and is chief of police here in Ipswich? Now don't faint, Sis, when I tell you that Adolph Clemeno is French professor in our Ipswich Seminary for girls, and Serge Kosenski has a nudist colony on Long Island.

Sylvia: I'm glad you warned me, Edith. That is the biggest surprise I've had in a long time. It's strange where the passage of a few years will find us all. Who could ever have pictured Walter Pietrovicz living in Mars and happily employed as the announcer for television station S C R A M from which station Bob Laite and Annie Brown broadcast every evening. But they're not the only ones who have wandered far from home. Dot Pickard keeps up her swimming in the icy waters of Little America where Meredith Clapp is keeping the sea clear of fish, and Earl Pickering hovers around the vicinity struggling to teach the inhabitants how to bowl.

Edith: Is it difficult for you to bring back the memory of our senior play rehearsals, Sis? I see that it isn't, but I wonder if you remember how we all had such a good time laughing at John Saunders and John Markos in their well-fitting livery suits.

Sylvia: I should say I do. Where are they now?

Edith: They are both in Buckingham Palace in England; so now they have the laugh on us.

Sylvia: They certainly have, and I hope the suits they are wearing give them more room to laugh. But tell me, didn't any more of our old classmates stay nearer home?

Edith: Oh, yes. That once hotheaded Johnny Alexander now holds the dignified position of President in our university here in Ipswich. I wonder if he has the heart to tell the students to "stop talking"?

Sylvia: No, Johnny liked that art too well. He probably gets out of the difficulty by separating them as Miss Allen did at our senior play rehearsals.

Edith: Speaking of our university reminds me that Irene Graf is a harmony teacher there. That was her ambition back in 1934.

Sylvia: There's nothing more wonderful than realizing your ambition. I'm sure you couldn't guess who my head nurse is, Edith. None other than Theodora Burbank. You know red-headed nurses always get along well. And little Leona Earley is my able secretary. You see I have those two Manning girls with me most of the time, and they keep me informed on the latest news from our old classmates.

Edith: You do seem to know where many of them are, but do you know what vocation has called Dana Brown? You remember him of course—he was always talking or bothering some one in French class. A year or two after leaving Manning Dana went to Paris where he diligently studied beauty culture. Now he is running our beauty salon here at the airport.

Sylvia: I noticed a number of ladies busily engaged, but I didn't realize that Dana Brown owned the establishment. That's another surprise—I mean his choice of a profession, not the crowd of young lady assistants. Are any of them Manning girls?

Edith: I think that Georgia Scourletis is the only Manning girl he has there now. Say, Sis, you remember Virginia Singer who used to sit in front of Georgia? "Madame Singer," she is now and is holding down a good position broadcasting from the mid-Atlantic airdrome. By the way, have you attended many of the Presidential campaign speeches in New York?

Sylvia: I surely have, and Curtis Haley's pleasing manner is winning him votes right and left. However, we must admit that Marion Perkins is running him a close race. You know Curt said in our play, "You can get anything if you go straight for it." That came to my mind when I heard he was one of our presidential candidates.

Edith: If attractive posters help a campaign, this one ought to be successful. Amor Scahill is working hard to be loyal to his old classmates by making posters for both Marion's party and Curt's. He has one of his studios on Town Hill in the Dow locality.

Sylvia: You remember our class musician, Johnny Maciejowski, don't you, Edith? I saw him conducting his orchestra in the New York Philharmonic society. It gives one a thrill to see an old classmate in such a prominent position.

Edith: Joe Dupray has an orchestra, too, you know, but of an entirely different type. His is known as "Joe's Syncopators."

Sylvia: Well, it takes all kinds to make up the world. On my trip down I noticed in the plane an advertisement for the "Charlie Adams Follies." Is that the same Charlie who used to come to school from Rowley?

Edith: It certainly is, and Martha Hinckley is his star dancer, and Helen Lazaropoulos his secretary.

Sylvia: I saw Curt Haley a few days ago, and he told me that if he is elected President, Charlie Crossman will be Secretary of the Treasury in his cabinet, and you know of course that Blanche Bakula is his private secretary already.

Edith: You remember that Mary Barton was one of our would-be teachers. Now she is married and running a little kindergarten of her own. And there is still another person who has come back to Ipswich —Elizabeth Rand. Elizabeth is the dietician in our newest Ipswich hospital.

Sylvia: I'm sure she's a very dignified lady now and wouldn't think of eating as much candy as she used to in Manning's candy room.

Edith: Yes, indeed, she is very dignified, but there's one of our old classmates who will never become dignified. That's Agnes Robishaw. She is a world famous skater now. I guess the old Ipswich river gave her good practice.

Sylvia: I saw Agnes in the Olympic news reels a short time ago. She looked very much as she did in '34. She hasn't even added much height. Oh, here's another surprise, Edith. I saw Roy Scott in the same news reel, training for the lightweight boxing championship.

Edith: Speaking of movies, did you know that Martha Russ owns the Schenectady Movie Company and lives most of the time in Hawaii?

Sylvia: To come back to athletics, Podmostka is Harvard's famous football coach. I saw Harvard's last game with Dartmouth, and of course, it was a victory for Joe's team.

Edith: Did you know that Mary Hall has married a steamship magnate and is seeing the world? And still another surprise, Sylvia. You know how Margaret O'Malley always enjoyed automobiles and driving. Well, she owns an extensive garage in a Boston suburb and is chauffeur for the mayor of her city. I was just going to show you a card I got from Jennie Scibisz the other day. It gives a picture of the newly completed trans-Atlantic bridge.

Sylvia: It's a wonderful piece of engineering. You know when we were all going to Manning High it was a rare event to hear of any girl's studying to be an engineer, but did you realize that Jennie Scibisz and Gertrude Gwozdz are the skilled engineers who built the Atlantic bridge?

Edith: How wonderful! When you spoke of Marion Perkins, I thought you would surely tell me that Barbara Claxton was nearby.

Sylvia: You have guessed right, Edith. Barbara is never far from Marion. She is manager of Marion's campaign for the presidency.

Edith: What about Kathryn McPhail? Has Theodora or Leona told you any news about her?

Sylvia: Yes. Kathryn is quite a celebrated dress designer with headquarters in Paris. Now I wonder if you could guess who acts as her model. I might as well tell you —Alice Geddis. Why don't we take two short vacations together this summer and spend the time looking for Manning's class of 1934?

Edith: That's a splendid idea, Sis. I'll go any time you're ready.

Sylvia: All right, that's fine, Edith. We'll try to arrange a reunion for this fall and see if it's possible for everyone to return to Ipswich. Let's take our first two weeks' holiday one week from today.

Edith: Yes, and—oh, there's the signal for my next flight and also for the departure of your plane to get you back to New York by midnight.

Sylvia: Oh, goodbye, Edith. Be ready one week from today.

Edith: I surely will. Goodbye, Sylvia.

Gifts to Girls

By Dana Brown

ONE night while I was returning from the movies, I startled a man just locking the Five nd Ten Cent Store door after him. He quickly picked up his bag and slung it over his shoulder and set off at top speed. I wasn't going to see any of our town stores robbed without doing something about it; so I went after him. I could not gain on him; neither could he lose me. As we ran on and on, I suddenly realized he was heading towards my home. Great was my astonishment when I saw him turn through the gate and disappear into the house. When I entered the kitchen, I discovered these presents dumped all over the floor, but the figure had vanished. As I was picking up the gifts, I decided to give to:

Martha Hinckley, this picture of our great Civil War general; may your "Grant" be as famous as he.

Leona Earley, this vaseline to grease her fingers so that they will work the typewriter even faster.

Martha Russ, a ledger that she may keep track of the money she lends.

Elizabeth Rand, this deed to a used car garage so that she may change cars any time she wants to.

Georgia Scourletis, our class vamp, this magnifying glass so that she can tell whether it is a man or an automobile which she is bumping into.

Annie Sojka, this slow sign, which is intended as a reminder to

slacken her speed when she talks.

Sylvia Ferguson, a nightie for her dog, so that she can take him to bed with her.

Barbara Claxton, a boat with which she may continue her happy days up the river.

Marion Perkins, this dish holder to hold her "Holder."

Annie Brown, this entry blank to a dance marathon.

Agnes Robishaw, this dog to remind her of her "Mutt."

Margaret O'Malley, a pillow, so that she may be comfortable when she sits on the limb of her "Tree."

Kathryn McPhail, a cookbook, to give variety to her favorite pastime—eating.

Alice Geddis, this bicycle which we hope will enable her to come up to town more often.

Virginia Singer, our class actress and most popular girl, this bouquet of flowers in anticipation of the many she will receive in the future.

Edith Mansfield, this rabbit, to help her improve her bunny walk.

Doris Pickard, this alphabetical index to prevent confusion in her dates with boy friends.

Irene Graf, our class manhater, a stove to melt her cold heart.

Theodora Burbank, this clothes brush, to prevent leaving telltale hairs.

Mary Barton, this basket in which to carry home her groceries from Marcorelle's.

Gertrude Gwozdz, the class baby, this teething ring.

Jennie Scibicz, a fish to remind her of "Fishy."

Mary Hall, these kisses as reminders of the many she bashfully received in the Senior Play.

Helen Lazaropoulos, who has been a very noisy person in study rooms, this gag to silence her.

Blanche Bakula, who has shown great interest in a certain senior boy's suspenders, this little token of remembrance.

And now that my gifts are all sorted out and delivered, I am still wondering why the Five and Ten Cent Store sent me the bill for all the missing articles of the robbery.

Gifts to Boys

By Virginia Singer

WHAT a nightmare the last few weeks have been! I was chosen to give gifts to the boys of 1934, and up to the day before yesterday I hadn't had a glimmer of an idea. On that day, depressed and discouraged, and with the time to Class Day getting shorter and shorter, I was suddenly startled by a sharp peal of the doorbell. When I responded to its insistent call, a messenger boy handed me a special delivery letter. With trembling fingers I opened it and read these words.

"You will receive a trunk full of gifts during the class day exercises, and as you see each gift, you will know at once for whom it is intended.

(Signed) A Friend."

I decided to risk the outcome and to take this friend at his word.

Consequently I am in a most embarrassing situation, for here it is time for me to present the gifts, and as yet they have not arrived. I feel that I must apologize to the boys—

(Enter messenger boy)

"Paging Miss Virginia Singer—Are these the class day exercises being held by the Manning High School?"

"Why yes, they are."

"Well, could you tell me where I could find Virginia Singer?"

"I am Virginia Singer."

"Here is a trunk which I was told to deliver to you with the compliments of a friend."

"Thank you, you have saved my life."

These gifts certainly arrived in the nick of time, and I do hope they are suitable.

Let me see. This bag of jaw breakers must be for Johnny Alexander who is so fond of talking. With these he may still exercise his jaws without wearying his friends.

An alarm clock! This seems to be a very suitable gift for Joe Podmostka, so that he may wake up "Earley" in the morning.

This paper of pins must be for Earle Pickering to remind him of all the pins he sets up in the bowling alley.

Here's a ledger. Why, there's no doubt about who this is for—Charlie Crossman, in case his business experiences in school should lead him to take up business managing for life.

This little shot gun must be for Roy Scott to use when hunting his "Mallard."

A laurel wreath. Why this must be for Curt Haley who as Class President, Most Popular Boy, Best Looking Boy, and Class Actor stole all the honors in our class.

This box of writing paper must be for Walter Pietrovicz. He may now write longer notes to his classmates.

This truck could be for no one but Johnny Markos. Now he can deliver his Frst National Store groceries without having to walk all over town.

Here's a duck. Surely this is for Harold Wile, so that he may make his impersonation of Joe Penner more realistic.

This booklet, entitled "How You Can Master Music In Your Own Home," makes me think of Joe Dupray.

Here are two pieces of music. Each one is entitled "Play Fiddle Play." Well, my friend certainly knew Amor Scahill's and Johnny Maciejowski's weakness. They want to be as great violin players as Rubinoff.

This bus reminds me of Charlie Adams. Next year he may compete with McDonald Brothers in transporting the Rowley students to and from dear old Manning.

Here is a cage. For Serge Kosinski, of course, to take to Africa with him. He's going to catch lions and tigers and bring them back in this cage.

A padlock! Who could that suit but Adolph Clemeno, which he is to place on his heart so that no woman can get in.

This goat must be for Meredith Clapp, which he will doubtless use

in his favorite pastime of kidding everybody along.

This box of bird seed will help keep one's voice in trim. Therefore it must be intended for Robert Laite.

This memorandum must be for Dana Brown who is dated so far ahead that he has difficulty in keeping his dates straight.

Last, but by no means the least of my male classmates, to Johnny Saunders goes this monkey. As class clown, nut, and bluffer Johnny might as well be a monkey and complete the circus.

Has everybody been remembered? Yes. What a relief! Well all I can say is that if that anonymous friend of mine happens to be in the audience, he has won my undying gratitude, and if I can ever serve him in any way, he has only to call on me, and I shall be only too glad to return the favor.

Class Will

BE it remembered that we, the class of 1934, of Ipswich, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at anytime heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the Faculty:

Item: To our helpful and sympathetic principal and teachers we leave our most sincere gratitude for their efforts which helped us to reach this graduation archway.

Item: Our fond hope that they may have many more classes as ambitious and delightful as ours.

Item: The hope that they will soon be teaching in a new building.

To the Bench Warmers:

Item: To those who grace the benches in the lower hall, a good sized table, so that they may rest their weary elbows when they are too fatigued to do the required classroom work.

Item: A tall dunce cap which should arouse enthusiasm for more sitters.

Item: Several soft cushions to make those who sit there repeatedly, less likely to acquire a spinal curvature.

To the Freshmen:

Item: A cart in which to move their belongings down from the attic in order to make room for more "freshies."

Item: The honor, if they consider it so, to sit on the floor which is patrolled by a stern disciplinarian.

Item: The thrill of anticipating three more years in our "Hall of Learning".

Item: The delightful pleasure of

acting as guides to the poor, lost Freshmen who will take their place.

To the Sophomores:

Item: Electric footstools to be used by the Juniors in Miss Blodgett's room, to make them forget that they are in the Arctic regions on Monday mornings.

Item: The privilege of walking through an unpatrolled corridor.

Item: We leave our hearty congratulations for weathering the first half of their stormy course at M. H. S.

Item: The right to feel superior to the lower classmen, now that they have outgrown their babies' bibs.

To the Juniors:

Item: We leave our wit and our ability to make adjustments fitting those of such high standing.

Item: Plenty of "pep" and alertness.

Item: We leave our seats in chapel—those next to the fire escape. (Naturally the biggest minds should be saved first.)

Item: The joy of wearing graduation clothes a year from said time.

To Charles Bailey, a book entitled "How To Keep Your Woman".

To John Bokron, a motorcycle which will enable him to take Connie out riding.

To Frank Ciolek and Marshall Rogers, a position in Wayne King's Orchestra.

To David Claxton, a bed to assure him more comfort while napping.

To Henry Cowles, Jr., even though his second attempt at growing a moustache is almost a success, we leave some "fertilizer" to aid its progress.

Everett Daniels needs a "billy-club" to keep the women away.

To Wayne Eustace, the title of "class nut", now held by John Saunders.

To Thomas Gauld, a seat in the front row where he may always be in the public eye.

To George Georgeopoulos, a talking machine to give him a little competition.

A truck should make Nicholas Georgeopoulos's job of transporting packages to the post office much easier.

The honorable position of Editor-in-Chief on the "Cub" staff goes to Raymond Klinger.

To James Karabelos, the proprietorship of "The Salem News", so that he may order others to peddle while he relaxes and collects the money.

To Steve Lampropoulos, a pair of his dad's shoes which we hope he can fill when he tries to sell bananas.

To Fred Langmaid, a book entitled "That Red-Headed Woman of Mine".

To Charles Machaj, a bicycle built for two on which he may accompany a certain "blonde" down Linebrook Road.

To John MacKerron, a safety deposit box in which he can safely keep his notes without the constant fear that his mother may find them.

Stanley Mason will never be a real "sheik" without the help of sideboards. Some hair tonic should help their growth.

To Theodore Mavroides, a horse and buggy to replace the "rattle trap" which he is at present using for delivering bread.

In case Howard Merry should have a lapse of memory, an automobile jack should remind him of "Jackie".

To George Pechilis, the proprietorship of "People's Market".

To Joseph Player, a pair of stilts so that he can be a few inches taller than his tall girl friend.

To William Poor, the title of class clown, also held by John Saunders.

To Charles Sayward, a ring to replace the 1934 class ring which was recently withdrawn from his possession.

To Russell Sheppard, a muffler. If he doesn't appreciate it, his audience will.

To Kendall Tilton, a cushioned bench where he may "snore" without being disturbed.

To Julian Warner, an allowance of only one stick of gum a day.

To Leslie Weiland, a studio where he may draw to his heart's content.

A little "dynamite" may help Joseph Weltchek to burst with pride.

To Fred Whittier, a book of "wild stories" which, however, can never compete with his wild stories in history class.

To Arnold LeClair, the position of captain on next year's football team.

To Ernestine Austin, a walking stick to help her along on her evening walks.

To Anna Buturla and Helen Frederick, positions in a Children's Home because they have proved so apt in taking care of children.

To June Claxton, a supply of nickles, so that she will never run short when she is calling Rowley.

To Ruth McCormack, an unlimited parking permit on Maple Ave.

To Mildred Day, a car of her own to be used when she goes "high-stepping" with Jack.

Barbara Dodge receives a ton of coal from the "Pickering" Coal Company.

Bessie Galanis has a position awaiting her in a store next to the Strand Theatre.

To Janet Gillis, a "suite" in a hotel where she may have her "Chambers" to herself.

To Ruth Greene, a lean Ham(m).

To Stella Kuconis, a chaperone around those curves.

To Norma Jewett, an ice-pick when her ice man calls.

To Angie Johnson and Margaret Witham, a pair of French heels to give them a little height.

Charlotte Machaj will appreciate a chair in Room IV next to the encyclopaedias. We hope it will save her many trips to the library.

A football should remind Eleanor MacDonald of her young football hero.

To Lillian MacLean, a little "Scotty" to entertain her when a certain senior Scotchman doesn't call.

To Sophie Merga, a bottle of "Moxie" to remind her of her Lawrence friend.

To Edna McGregor, a bottle of "Henna Rinse".

To Florence McPhail, rubbing alcohol to strengthen her feeble knees when giving oral themes next year.

A car will come in handy to Mary Minichiello and Ethel Robicheau, for they live in the "suburbs".

To Phyllis Phelan, a young colt to take the place of the old nag.

A car will help Priscilla Savage find her way to dances at Salisbury every Friday night.

Tassia Paganis and Pota Markos will appreciate a study room where they can talk and eat candy without being disturbed by Mr. Burke.

Barbara Schofield receives a deer. It should recall a "Mr. Doe" of Watertown.

To Sophie Sikora, a seat in the conversation corner of Room IV.

To Angela Tgavalekos, a bottle of furniture polish so that she may continue to beam and shine in her classes.

To Vivian Weiland, a portable make-up set to ease congestion at the mirror of the girls' room.

To Barbara Wood, a rope with which she may lasso her "Roper".

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will, this twentieth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

Class of 1934.

On this twentieth day of June A.D. 1934, Class of 1934 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last will, and hereafter we three, as witnesses and at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

Anna Sojka,

Curtis Haley, President,

Martha Hinckley, Vice Pres.

Graduation Program

M. H. S. MARCH — Tozer

M. H. S. Orchestra

INVOCATION

Rev. James G. Cairns

CARMENA — Wilson

The Girls' Glee Club

ESSAY — Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony

Curtis F. Haley

ESSAY — Olympic Games

Marion E. Perkins

FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY — Simpson

The Boys' Glee Club

ESSAY — The Daily Newspaper

Theodora Burbank

ESSAY — American Shipping

John Alexander, Jr.

POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE — Suppe

M. H. S. Orchestra

ADDRESS

J. Asbury Pitman

President of the State Teachers College at Salem

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Dr. Ernest J. Smith, Chairman of School Committee

BENEDICTION

Rev. James G. Cairns

(Audience will be seated while class marches out)

Class Day Program

ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

By

M. H. S. CLASS OF 1934

Wednesday, June 20, 1934

Part I

"THE PURPLE DREAM"

A Fantasy in One Act

By

Donald L. Breed

Characters

Mrs. Carver-Blythe	Margaret O'Malley
Ysobel, her daughter	Theodora Burbank
Mary Ellen, the maid	Elizabeth Rand
Atkins, the butler	Roy Scott
The Dream Sir George	Curtis Haley
The Real Sir George	Amor Scahill

Scene: Mrs. Carver-Blythe's living-room in her house at Newport.

Part II

Class History	Charles Crossman
Class Prophecy	Sylvia Ferguson - Edith Mansfield
Time: 1954	
Place: Ipswich Airport	
Gifts to Girls	Dana Brown
Gifts to Boys	Virginia Singer
Class Will	Annie Sojka
School Song	

Music by M. H. S. Orchestra

HONOR AWARDS — 1934

THREE YEAR AWARD — GOLD PIN

Marion Perkins, '34

Edith Mansfield, '34

TWO YEAR AWARD — SILVER PIN

Elizabeth Rand, '34

Arnold LeClair, '35

Charles Sayward, '35

ONE YEAR AWARD — BRONZE PIN

Martha Russ, '34

John MacKerron, '35

CHARLES ADAMS

Lennie is one of those Rowley guys and a swell one, too. He doesn't say much, but when he does speak, it's usually a joke that comes from him. He's a great Varsity Club worker. In 1932 he did creditable work on the baseball team. Charlie has a certain way with the ladies that we'd all like to possess. A. A.; Varsity Club; Baseball.

JOHN ALEXANDER, JR.

Alexander, our hustling editor of the "Cub" and "Tiger", has a graduation essay. Junior never had time to go in for school sports, but he is as tough a fisherman as ever sailed out o' Gloucester, Johnny has made many a feminine heart go pitter patter in his day, but he has settled down now and is seen escorting a freshman lass regularly. Vice President of A. A.; Senior Play; Glee Club; Editor-in-Chief of "Cub" and "Tiger"; Stage Manager of Operetta.

BLANCHE BAKULA

Blanche is one of the shy members of our class. However, she has a merry giggle which often brightened the monotonous silence of a study period. In spite of the fact that she works during spare hours, she has maintained a high average in school. A.A.; Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff.

MARY BARTON

Mary is a girl from whom we seldom hear, for she travels with a group of girls who for the most part are lower classmen. We have noticed though, that she has a special taxi waiting for her each Wednesday and that there appears to be quite an attraction within the car. A. A.; Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff; Treasurer of Art Club.

ANNIE BROWN

Annie is one of our classmates who is very fond of dancing and is never so happy as when she is practicing this art. Even our classroom sometimes serves as a dance floor for her during recesses. She may be small but she takes up plenty of room in our hearts. A. A.; Glee Club.

DANA BROWN

Dana was the hero of our Senior Play and did an excellent job on it. He was tricked into a couple of little grins in the passionate scenes by a few fellows in the audience, but outside of that he literally lived the part. Dana can always be found at recess time in the midst of a large ring of excited girls in Room IV or in the upper hall. Glee Club; Senior Play; Secretary of French Club; Class Day Part.

THEODORA BURBANK

Theodora is one of the more ambitious members of our class. She always assumes a knowing look when she regards the childish antics of her classmates. She really isn't as dignified as she appears, and she and her "pal", Mary Barton, have many great times that are concealed from the rest of us. Her superior knowledge earned a graduation essay for her. A. A.; Glee Club; French Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Graduation Essay; Dance Orchestra; Chapel Music.

MEREDITH CLAPP

"Clappy" is Manning's hilarious daredevil. In the role of "Abie the Fish Man" he parades Ipswich streets, and under the cover of darkness he runs wild in Medford. Maddy's always got a joke to tell you, and if you're not careful one to play on you. Secretary of Glee Club.

BARBARA CLAXTON

Although "Barb" appears to be reserved and quiet during school hours, her friends find her an entirely different type of person. She is very much interested in sports and hiking. More than a few of us are envious of her brown curly hair. She plans to go in training next fall and we are sure that she will be a great success as a nurse. A. A.; Glee Club.

ADOLPH CLEMENO

Adolph achieved that supreme honor of being Class Woman Hater. He is an unobtrusive quiet young man who just dotes on math and physics. He never says so, but he's usually got the answers to all the hard ones. A. A.; "Tiger Staff.

CHARLES CROSSMAN

"Eddie" carried the "Cub" through a year of rising prices with a good amount of financial success. He cut capers on the ice for the hockey team and made a Herculean attempt to put the Senior Play across financially, but old man Winter wouldn't play ball with him. A.A.; Varsity Club; Business Manager of "Cub", "Tiger", and Senior Play; Treasurer of Glee Club; Hockey; Concert Orchestra; Class History.

JOSEPH DUPRAY

"Dupe" is the best beard grower in our class as evidenced by his successful efforts the first of the year. He is also a whooping good end as shown by his work on the Varsity last fall. "Dupe" plays the trumpet and has an orchestra of his own; so we won't have to worry about his not getting on in the world. A. A.; Varsity Club; Glee Club; Football; Concert and Dance Orchestra.

LEONA EARLEY

Leona received honorable mention as class vamp and certainly deserves it. She is a cute little miss who apparently will never grow up. This may be said with a double meaning. However, she has proved herself indispensable as typist for the "Cub" and has often managed to disguise herself with the surplus ink from the mimeograph. A. A.; Glee Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs.

SYLVIA FERGUSON

"Sis" was a stranger sent to us during our junior year and now is recognized as Rowley's contribution to our class. She gained favor with her classmates and teachers to such an extent that she was given the leading part in the Senior Play, which part she played to perfection. Glee Club; French Club; Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Prophecy.

ALICE GEDDIS

Alice is another silent member of the class of whom we are all very fond. She left us during her freshman year but found her way back to us this year. As she lives so far from town, we often wonder how she spends her spare time, but judging from her excellence in class work, she spends it profitably enough. Glee Club.

IRENE GRAF

Irene is the quietest member of our class; in fact, we voted her class saint. However, we know that she is merry and gay when with a group of friends. We all feel sure that when we leave to make our mark in life, Irene will be with those who work the hardest and gain the most. Latin Club; Glee Club.

GERTRUDE GWOZDZ

"Gert" is one of our prize typists, and without her the "Cub" and "Tiger" would have gone astray. She is a small person with blond hair and laughing brown eyes who is always happy and giggling. We feel certain that no matter how many difficulties she will encounter in the future, her merry giggle and sunny disposition will bring her out on top. Glee Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs.

CURTIS HALEY

"Curt", the blond wonder, big time politician, big league ball player, all-American fullback, amateur photographer, and superb actor was our president for four years and a very good one at that. He led the A. A. for a year and kept the doings of the "Cub" in his little notebook for another year. "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; A. A. President; Class President; Glee Club; Varsity Club; Senior Play.

MARY HALL

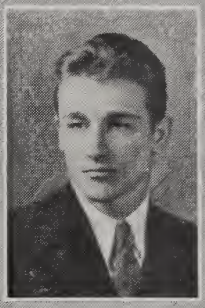
Mary had a leading part in the Senior Play and certainly acted it well. Mary and her pals, "Kay" and "Punky", are almost inseparable. She has a winning smile and an attractive personality which we feel sure will carry her far. She also has an abundant supply of food on hand to satisfy the cravings of her ravenous classmates. Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; Glee Club; A. A.

MARTHA HINCKLEY

Martha is not only our prettiest girl but received honorable mention as the most popular. She is happy-go-lucky and always ready to help out with a smile, She has been one of the valuable members of the hot dog crew and helped to make the sales a success. Although Martha is here in body, her mind is generally in Michigan, and we sincerely hope that her desire to go to Michigan will soon be fulfilled. Vice President of the Class; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; President of the Glee Club; Senior Play; French Club.

SERGE KOZINSKI

"Dave" may always be found in the lower hall surrounded by an admiring group of freshmen who wonder at his unending number of thrilling stories. "Dave" doesn't brag about it, but he used to play the violin. Just at present he is spending all his time on a little senior girl. A. A.; Football.



ROBERT LAITE

Bob Laite is the one and only concert baritone Manning ever had, and we're proud to have him in our class. His chief hobby is whispering fair verses in a fairer maid's ear. Bob's a blooming theater usher and a swell good fellow. He's always happy and has a laugh for everyone. Glee Club; "Cub" Staff.

HELEN LAZAROPOULOS

Helen is another of our "Cub" typists. She is quiet and demure, but ambitious and hard working. She and "Gert" have saved the day in many a crisis in publishing the "Cub". She also belongs to the group that occupied the corner seats in Room IV and her giggle always mingled with those of the others. "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Glee Club; A. A.

JOHN MACIEJOWSKI

Johnnie leads Manning's Dance Orchestra and has played in the Metropolitan Grand Orchestra; so we consider him an accomplished musician. His blond head and winning smile draw the girls like magnets, and he's always busy with at least one of his many admirers. Manning's musical organization will certainly miss him next year. Concert Orchestra; Dance Orchestra; Senior Play.

EDITH MANSFIELD

Edith is our class lover. Although she claims to be entirely guiltless, we feel she knows more than she tells. She portrayed the part of a "gossipy" neighbor in the Senior Play and from all we hear, kept the cast in "stitches" with her antics behind scenes. She is always gay and smiling and particularly enjoys doing Latin. Senior Play; Chapel Music; "Tiger" Staff; Class Prophecy; Concert Orchestra; Honor Award; French Club; Vice President of the Glee Club; A. A.

JOHN MARKOS

Johnnie once was our happy jolly baker lad, but he has deserted his former occupation of making dough for the oil business and is delivery man for the First National Stores. Although he's a smooth, oily guy, we couldn't get along without him and his merry laugh. Senior Play.

KATHRYN McPHAIL

"Kay" is one of the smallest members of our class. She almost stole the honors from Irene for being the quietest. Although seldom heard, when she does speak, it is usually something of interest. She, her sister, and Mary are generally found together. Glee Club; A. A.

MARGARET O'MALLEY

"Peg" is another of our up and coming classmates. She is always gay and vivacious and ready for excitement. For a time her attention seemed centered on Hamilton, but now we are beginning to wonder. She and Iggy make a great pair and are always doing something interesting. Senior Play; French Club; Glee Club; A. A.

MARION PERKINS

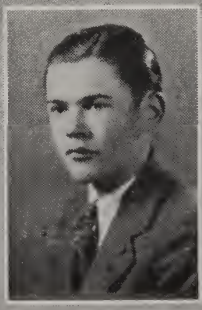
"Perkie" is one of our most promising students. She also proved herself most valuable on the "Cub" and "Tiger" staffs. She had a habit of making very rash bets which turned out unlucky for her during Senior Play rehearsals. Marion has found an inseparable chum in "Barb". We are wondering what will happen when they are separated next fall. A. A.; Treas. of Glee Club; French Club; Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Honor Roll; Honor Award; Graduation Essay.

DORIS PICKARD

In school "Dot" is rather quiet but after 1.30, when she is among friends, the fun begins. "Dot" likes dancing as well as anything else; so wherever there is a dance, you will find her with "Ginie" in the midst of the fun. Glee Club.

EARL PICKERING

"Pick" just made up his mind to come along with us and we're certainly glad to see his smooth, slicked-down head of hair in the lineup. "Pick" rolls a mean ball when he's bowling and has a keen eye (for the ladies or otherwise).



WALTER PIETROVICZ

"Pete" is a quiet lad, handsome as they come and built like an ox. He went out for football last fall and held down a tackle position all season. One of the class blushers, he doesn't talk much but usually when he does open his mouth, something worth while comes out. A. A.; Varsity Club; Football.

JOSEPH PODMOSTKA

"Doggy," the strongest of the strong, Deluxe model 1934. He led the football and hockey teams through successful seasons. As Class Treasurer he was tighter than any Scotsman. "Doggy" is the apple of many a fair one's eye, but his smile shines warmest on a little blonde senior. The competition is keen but we all know that Joe shines brightest where the opposition is the strongest. A. A.; President of Varsity Club; Football and Hockey Captain; Baseball; "Tiger" Staff.

ELIZABETH RAND

"Lizz" was the capable manager of the candy room this year and attracted much business. She will always be remembered for her dimples when she smiles. This young lady greatly enjoys visiting friends in neighboring cities. A. A.; Glee Club; Vice President of French Club; Class Secretary; Candy Room; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff.

AGNES ROBISHAW

"Iggy" is petite, cute, and cheerful. At the Senior Play rehearsals she was always full of fun and ready to enter into any pranks which were planned. She is the main attraction and expert gum chewer of the shorthand class. A. A.; Glee Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff.

MARTHA RUSS

Martha is one of the most quiet members of our class. She, also, was a worker in the candy room. She is always industrious and faithful in her work. Since Martha lives on the outskirts of the town, it is not often that we see her. Maybe that is the reason we don't know as much of her as we'd like to. A. A.; Glee Club; Candy Room.

JOHN SAUNDERS

"Skinny", our nut, clown, and crazy man all in one, is a much misunderstood member of the class. In the first place he's not a bit skinny, and secondly when I last saw him he was moderately sane, I think. Anyway Johnny even if we did elect you Class Nut, you're only a nut amongst a lot of other squirrel food. A. A.; Senior Play.

AMOR SCAHILL

"Scally" is Manning's strolling fiddler. He wields a mean bow on a hot fiddle and it looks as if he's on the way to long hair and wavy whiskers. He showed considerable talent in drawing for the "Cub", and we found in him a will to work. Amor shows a marked preference to brunettes. He made a letter by serving the football team as manager. A. A.; Varsity Club; Glee Club; Concert and Dance Orchestras.

JENNIE SCIBISZ

Jennie's corner of Room 4 always got the reprimands. She is blond and appears to be rather quiet, but sometimes appearances deceive. Jennie was among the large majority of the class which took such an interest in Commercial work, and we wish her success in the future. A. A.; Glee Club.

ROY SCOTT

"Scotty" is the pugilist of the class and we hope some day to cheer him on to the Middleweight Championship. He came in for his share and somebody else's when they were passing good looks around, and if he would let them, the girls sure would flock around plenty, but he's very shy when the ladies look his way. If the Varsity Club does anything, you'll find "Scotty" with a finger in the pie somewhere. Secretary of A. A.; Secretary of Varsity Club; Captain of Basketball Team; Hockey; Baseball; Glee Club; "Tiger" Staff.

GEORGIA SCOURLETIS

Georgia is our class vamp and certainly lives up to the title. Whenever she is with her friend, there is always something going on. She has a dark complexion, and there is always a bright smile on her face. Her dark eyes, which have a sparkle in their depths, often cause trouble to start brewing on Saturday evenings at the library. A. A.; Glee Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; Class Vamp.

VIRGINIA SINGER

"Ginia" is one of the pleasantest members of the class. She always has a smile on her sunny face. Probably that, along with her love of excitement, is the reason she is the most popular girl in the class. She captured all the honors in the Senior Play and was elected class actress. She also has a good voice and a chance of becoming an opera star. A. A.; Secretary of Glee Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; Gifts to Boys; Class Actress; Most Popular Girl.

ANNIE SOJKA

"Hunka" ranks among the tallest in the class and is also one of the merriest. She spends her time working in the "Five and Ten" and riding in the Red Truck. It is rumored that she is going to be an aviatrix so that she may fly to somebody in New Hampshire. She likes athletics and often plays tennis with Edith until dark. A. A.; Glee Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; Class Will.

HAROLD WILE

"Herrin" should have been one of those big, bold truckmen, but when they built him, they made a small, wiry, happy-go-lucky chap. He once had an avowed weakness for Hamilton, but now he's interested in Ipswich. He played center on the hockey team, and if there was a fight, "Herrin" was in it. A. A.; Varsity Club; "Tiger" Staff; Hockey; Baseball.

WHO'S WHO

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Pastime	Ambition	Favorite Expression
Adams, Charles	"Lennie"	Serious	Driving his "Ford"	To Hitch-hike to Florida	"Going down?"
Alexander, John	"Alex"	Good-looking	Fixing bicycles	To be a sailor	"Hey Listen!"
Bakula, Blanche	"Bea"	Industrious	Working	To travel	"Hey Gert"
Barton, Mary	"Mae"	Sober	Riding with Erwin	To be a teacher	"What numb!"
Brown, Annie	"Brownie"	Agreeable	Dancing	To win "Scotty"	"Feathers!"
Brown, Dana	"Dana"	Healthy	Playing the organ	To be a choir master	"No, mam"
Burbank, Theodora	"Billie"	Red-headed	Giggling with Mary	To be a secretary	"You numb twit"
Clapp, Meredith	"Sussy"	Tall	Riding a motorcycle	To be an undertaker	"Ratsus"
Claxton, Barbara	"Barbs"	Curly-headed	Hiking with Marion	To be a nurse	"For goodness sake"
Clemeno, Adolph	"Yedolph"	Studious	Reading	To be a pilot	"Scram"
Crossman, Charles	"Eddie"	Quiet	Bowling	To be a druggist	"I don't know"
Dupray, Joseph	"Dupe"	Handsome	Fixing autos	To be a musician	"I must be out of gas"
Earley, Leona	"Shrimp"	Cute	Taking care of children	To grow up	"Not really"
Ferguson, Sylvia	"Sis"	Pleasant	Walking	To be a doctor	"Oh Gee!"
Geddes, Alice	"Al"	Blonde	Riding with Audrey	To be a bookkeeper	Never expresses herself
Graf, Irene	"Minnie"	Studious	Studying	To be a harmony teacher	"Jerusalemsasfras"
Gwozdz, Gertrude	"Gert"	Babyish	Giggling	To be a secretary	"To be sure"
Haley, Curtis	"Curt"	Romantic	Playing Pool	To be a photographer	"He smirks
Hall, Mary	"Polly"	Boyish	Walking	To enter a Marathon	"Pa Phooey'
Hinckley, Martha	"Hinky"	Chic	Dancing the Marathon	To go to Michigan	"And they shot Lincoln"
Kosinski, Serge	"Dave"	Husky	Radio work	To be a Radio Operator	"You Rat"
Laite, Robert	"Bob"	Pleasant	Ushering at the Strand	To be a soloist	"Hey Listen to this one"
Lazaropoulos, Helen	"Lazzie"	Good-natured	Working on the "Cub"	To be a secretary	"No kidding"
Maciejowski, John	"Johnnie"	Pleasant	Making blueprints	To be a soloist	"Joe, any rehearsal today?"
Mansfield, Edith	"Bunny"	Sophisticated	Riding a bicycle with Doris Arthur	To be a private detective	"I don't know that"

WHO'S WHO (cont.)

Name	Nickname	Appearance	Pastime	Ambition	Favorite Expression
Markos, John	"Yianaki"	Genial	Delivering oil	To be "The Oil King"	"Cripes No!"
McPhail, Kathryn	"Kay"	Diminutive	Reading	To grow a few more inches	"Shush"
O'Malley, Margaret	"Peg"	Tall	Going to Hamilton with "Iggy."	To be a stenographer	"Oh Ignatz"
Perkins, Marion	"Perky"	Intelligent	Hiking	To be a teacher	"Cut It"
Pickard, Doris	"Pickie"	Neat	Riding a bicycle	To swim like Eleanor Holm	"Ain't that wicked"
Pietrowicz, Walter	"Piet"	Husky	Walking around South Side	To be an airplane pilot	"Where's Muck?"
Pickering, Earl	"Pick"	Slim	Setting up bowling pins	To be an aviator	"And he did it"
Podmostka, Joseph	"Doggie"	Sporty	Sports of all kinds.	To be a pro football player	"Snake"
Robishaw, Agnes	"Lizzy"	Pleasant	Visiting Boston	To be a dietitian	"You'd be surprised"
Russ, Martha	"Iggy"	Mischievous	Chewing gum	To put one over on "Peg"	"Don't get tough about it"
Saunders, John	"Marty"	Saintly	Hiking	To own a store	"Skip it!"
Scahill, Amor	"Skinny"	Sheikish	Clerking in "A & P"	To be manager of "A & P"	"Hello, Sweetheart!"
Rand, Elizabeth	"Scally"	Peppy	Playing hockey	To be a professional hockey Player	"Hey Scotty!"
Scibisz, Jennie	"Jessie"	Blushing	Fighting with Gertrude	To be a secretary	"My word!"
Scott, Roy	"Scotty"	Frisky	Boxing	To be a professional boxer	"Hi yeah Pal"
Scourletis, Georgia	"Peaches"	Vampish	Vamping boys	To go on stage	"Don't be funny"
Singer, Virginia	"Ginia"	Jolly	Entertaining "Red"	To succeed "Kate Smith"	"Gee! what funny"
Sojka, Annie	"Hunka"	Attractive	Riding in red truck	To be manager of a Five and Ten	"It can't be so"
Wile, Harold	"Herin"	Good-natured	Baseball	To be a coach	"Is that so"

Sports Review

FOOTBALL

THIS year Manning can boast of having one of the best football records in years. The Manning High eleven, coached by Robert Conary and piloted by Captain "Doggie" Podmostka won four games, lost two, and tied one. Coach Conary has picked a winning team this year from a jumble of material, and we all give him credit for his work. Among our defeated foes was our old rival Danvers. The regulars on this year's team were as follows:

Left End, Dupray; Left Tackle, Pietrovicz; Left Guard, Pechilis; Center, Horton; Right Guard, Warner; Right Tackle, Cowles; Right End, LeClair; Fullback, Mason; Right Half Back, Bokron; Left Half Back, Merry; Quarter Back, Podmostka.

Fourteen men have made their letters this year. The players, besides the regulars, who have made their letters are Haley, Kosinski, and Kent. The team loses five letter men through graduation this year, and among these are three regulars. LeClair, regular end this year, was elected next year's captain.

Manning's schedule was as follows:

September 30:			
Manning	0	Reading	6
October 7:			
Manning	7	Swampscott	13
October 12:			
Manning	33	Georgetown	0
October 21:			
Manning	14	Johnson	7
October 28:			
Manning	7	Punchard	7
November 4:			
Manning	13	Hamilton	7
November 11:			
Manning	21	Danvers	7

HOCKEY

This year's hockey team, trained by Coach Burke with Podmostka as captain, got under way by tying Marblehead. The team had a successful season, taking into consideration the material and the heavy schedule. Out of six games Manning won three, lost one, and tied two. The entire first line, second line first defense, and second defense have made their letters, and the team loses four men through graduation this year.

HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row (left to right): Archie Jodoin, Roy Scott, Charles Crossman, Joseph Podmostka, Arnold Le Clair, Harold Wiles, Joseph Player

Rear Row (left to right): Wallace Le Clair, Kendall Tilton, Charles Sayward, Henry Andrian, Barney Bialek, James Burke, coach

The Hockey Squad was as follows:

Right Wings,	Jodoin, Scott, Andrion
Centers,	Podmostka, Wile, Robishaw;
Left Wings,	Bialek, Player, Paganis
Right Defenses,	Tilton, Crossman
Left Defense	Sayward
Goal	LeClair

The schedule with the resulting scores was as follows:

Manning	1	Marblehead	1
Manning	2	Amesbury	2
Manning	2	Amesbury	3
Manning	3	Hampton	2
Manning	6	Hampton	0
Manning	4	Marblehead	3
Total	18	Total	11

BASEBALL

The Manning High baseball nine has at the present time, June 4, a record of six victories and four defeats. The Orange and Black secured two victories against Hyannis, one against the Francoes (Ipswich Twilight League team), one against Rockport, one against Hamilton, and one against the G.A.P.A. (Twilight League team). One of the defeats was suffered from St. Lawrence (Twilight League team), one from Hyannis, one from Hamilton, and the last from Rockport. Because of the lack of funds the Manning nine didn't travel much; consequently the games, with the exception of two, were played in Ipswich. The games to date are:

April 30
Manning 7, Hyannis 2 (9 innings). At Ipswich.

May 2
Manning 8, Hyannis 13 (9 innings). At Ipswich.

May 7
Manning 7, Francoes 0 (7 innings). At Ipswich.

May 11
Manning 4, Rockport 1 (9 innings). At Ipswich.

May 18
Manning 3, Hamilton 2 (7 innings). At Ipswich.

May 22
Manning 1, St. Lawrence 7 (7 innings). At Ipswich.

May 24
Manning 11, G.A.P.A. 5 (7 innings). At Ipswich.

May 26
Manning 0, Rockport 1 (9 innings). At Rockport.

May 31
Manning 12, Hyannis 5 (8 innings). At Ipswich.

June 1
Manning 6, Hamilton 7 (9 innings). At Hamilton

The regulars of the 1934 baseball team were:

Bokron, c; Merry, Podmostka, p; LeClair, 1b; Wile, 2b; Podmostka (captain), ss; Haley, 3b; Pechilis, lf; Scott, cf; Merry, rf.

Podmostka, Wile, Haley, and Scott will be lost to the team through graduation.

CLASS OFFICERS

Front Row (left to right): Martha Hinckley, Elizabeth Rand, Curtis Haley, Elizabeth Dummer, Mary Laite

Second Row (left to right): Joseph Podmostka, Robert Bamford, Charles Sayward, John Bokron

Rear Row (left to right): Ralph Hills, Alexander Robertson, Joseph Player

Social Review

THE SENIOR PLAY

THE Class of 1934 presented as the Senior Play this year "Once there was a Princess." The play was successful from a dramatic standpoint, although the financial returns were not so large as we had hoped for.

The cast of the play helped to put it over most skillfully. Sylvia Ferguson as the Princess Dellatorre did some fine acting. Signor Moroni, the family lawyer, was portrayed by John Maciejowski. Georgia Scourletis was the old princess. Agnes Robishaw was Hazel Boyd, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Boyd whose parts were played by John Alexander and Marion Perkins. Edith Mansfield and Margaret O'Malley played well the parts of Mrs. Purrington and Mrs. Seaver, two "gossipy" neighbors. Mary Hall was Ruby Boyd, who disliked royalty and especially the Princess. Virginia Singer came through with flying colors as grouchy, old Aunt Meta Trimble. Dana Brown took the part of Phil Lennox, an old friend and sweetheart of the Princess, and Curtis Haley that of Milton D'Arcy, the aspiring newspaper man. The rest of the parts were taken by Anna Sojka, Martha Hinckley, Elizabeth Rand, John Saunders, and John Markos.

The business and stage settings were ably taken care of by Charles Crossman and John Maciejowski.

Although on the evening of the play ,King Winter played a mean trick and sent the mercury to nearly twenty below zero, all those who attended voted the performance a very pleasing one.

The Concert

ON April 12th a concert was very entertainingly presented by the musical organizations of Manning High School under the direction of Arthur Harold Tozer. It proved to be an unusually interesting performance.

These various musical organizations were assisted by the very popular singer known to all radio audiences as John Herrick. It will be interesting to note that Mr. Herrick made a very hurried trip from New York to make this appearance.

Much credit is due Mr. Tozer for making a success of this concert. Students of both glee clubs and orchestras should also be complimented on the very fine showing which they made.

This entertainment was a financial success, the proceeds being used by the Varsity Club to help defray the hospital bill.

Alumni

THE following have completed one year at college or commercial school.

THE CLASS OF 1933

Sylvia Todd, Boston University.
Anne Patch, Boston University.
James Austin, Boston University.
Margaret McLeod, Salem Commercial.

CLUB OFFICERS
Front Row (left to right): Marion Perkins, Elizabeth Rand, Jean Austin, Barbara Wood, Martha Hinckley, Mary Barton
Theodora Burbank, Georgia Scourletis
Second Row (left to right): Edith Mansfield, David Claxton, Charles Crossman, Frederick Wegzyn, Meredith Clapp, John Alexander, Virginia Singer, Stanley Mason
Rear Row (left to right): Roy Scott, Dana Brown, Robert Perkins, Robert Laite, Joseph Podmostka, Curtis Haley, Charles Bailey, Raymond Klinger

Dorothy Miller, Salem Commercial.

Beatrice Austin, State Teachers' College.

Thelma Davis, Simmons.

Barbara Arthur, Wilfred Academy.

John Bialek, Northeastern University.

Stephen Kozacki, Lynn Burdett.

Dorothea Clapp and Mildred Rogers have completed one year at the Rose Millicent Hairdressing School in Boston.

The following have completed three and four years at State Teachers' College:

Three years:

Helen Brown, Class of 1930.

Ruth Flewelling, Class of 1930.

Four years:

Frances Ross, Class of 1929.

THE CLASS OF 1932

Charlotte Smith has completed one year at Simmons.

Ashley Jewett has completed two years at Hawthorne Institute.

THE CLASS OF 1931

Winifred Austin is in training at the Boston Hospital.

THE CLASS OF 1927

Laura Gordon is married to Fred Casali.

THE CLASS OF 1929

Myrtle Hebb is married to David Williams.

THE CLASS OF 1933

Sigrid Lind is married to Jesse Leet.

Class Celebrities - - 1934

Actor	Curtis Haley
Actress	Virginia Singer
Artist	Amor Scahill
Most Popular Boy	Curtis Haley
Baby	Gertrude Gwozdz
Athlete	Joseph Podmostka
Author	John Alexander
Best Looking Boy	Curtis Haley
Bluffer	John Saunders
Lovers	Edith Mansfield and Dana Brown
Clown	John Saunders
Man Hater	Irene Graf
Blusher	Roy Scott, John Markos, Walter Pietrowicz
Most Popular Girl	Virginia Singer
Honorable Mention	Martha Hinckley
Musician	John Maciejowski
Nut	John Saunders
Orator	John Alexander
Pest	Dana Brown
Prettiest Girl	Martha Hinckley
Saint	Irene Graf
Vamp	Georgia Scourletis
Honorable Mention	Leona Earley
Woman Hater	Adolph Clemeno
Honorable Mention	Charles Crossman

As the Poets See Us

Charles Adams —
"He is a gentleman from sole to crown."

John Alexander —
"I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and sky."
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

Blanche Bakula —
"The smiles that win."

Mary Barton —
"A face with gladness overspread;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

Annie Brown —
"Spry and airy on her feet
Dancing is her special treat."

Dana Brown —
"To give my love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow!"

Theodora Burbank —
"Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow."

Meredith Clapp —
"I had to grin to think about
The fun I had before they caught me."

Adolph Clemeno —
"And he was a jolly good fellow —always cheerful."

Charles Crossman —
"Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught."

Joseph Dupray —
"The summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow."

Leona Earley —
"For when he shows his heart's most secret place,
I see her there."

Sylvia Ferguson —
"Graceful and useful all she does."

Alice Geddis —
"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Irene Graf —
"Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng."

Gertrude Gwozdz —
"A comrade blithe and full of glee."

Curtis Haley —
"With such a comrade, such a friend
I fain would walk 'till journey's end. "

Mary Hall —
"There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine."

Martha Hinckley —
"She looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew."

Serge Kosinski —
"I am master of all I survey."

Robert Laite —
"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard."

Helen Lazaropoulos —
"Oh fair Helen beyond compare!"

John Maciejowski —
"Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing John did softly play."

Edith Mansfield —
"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden!"

John Markos —
"Your date is not past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile."

Kathryn McPhail —
"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight."

Margaret O'Malley —
"Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally."

Marion Perkins, Barbara Claxton —
"We've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather."

Doris Pickard —
"No looks proceed
From those fair eyes but to me
wonder breed."

Earl Pickering —
"Whether slow or spry
He comes up with smiling face."

Walter Pietrovicz —
"He was among the prime of
worth,
An object beauteous to behold."

Joseph Podmostka —
"Hail to the captain who in tri-
umph advances."

Elizabeth Rand —
"A dancing shape, an image
gay."

Agnes Robishaw —
"There's never a care
For her soul to bear
No trouble to make her fret."

Martha Russ —
"She speaks not a word but
Goes straight to her work."

John Saunders —
"And so when other naughty boys
would coax me into sin
I try to skwash the tempter's
voice 'at urges me within."

Amor Scahill —
"Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory."

Jennie Scibisz —
"Wee, modest, crimson tipped
flower."

Roy Scott —
"He hath a daily beauty in his
life."

Georgia Scourletis —
"O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!"

Virginia Singer —
"O, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way."

Annie Soijka —
"Smiling ever smiling as her way
she wends."

Harold Wile —
"Blessings on thee little man
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan
With thy turned up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes."

Songs Inspired by the Class of 1934

Charlie Adams — "I Feel Like A Million Dollars."

Johnny Alexander — "Take It From Me."

Blanche Bakula — "Sunny."

Mary Barton — "My Man."

Dana Brown — "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking."

Annie Brown — "Dancing In A Dream."

Theodora Burbank — "Sophisticated Lady."

Meredith Clapp — "How Do I Look?"

Barbara Claxton — "There's

Something About A Soldier."

Adolph Clemeno — "All Alone."

Charles Crossman — "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."

Joseph Dupray — "Trumpeter, What Are You Sounding Now."

Leona Earley — "Sunny Boy"

Sylvia Ferguson — "Who Is Sylvia?"

Alice Geddes — "Three Little Miles From Town."

Irene Graf — "Little Flower."

Gertrude Gwozdz — "Sweet Child."

Curtis Haley — "Keep Young And Beautiful."

Mary Hall — "The Old Spinning Wheel."

Martha Hinckley — "Beautiful Girl."

Serge Kosinski — "You're In My Power."

Robert Laite — "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing."

Helen Lazaropolous — "Where'd You Get Those Eyes."

John Maciejowski—"Play Fiddle Play."

Edith Mansfield — "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

John Markos— "Wagon Wheels."

Kathryn McPhail —"Little Women."

Margaret O'Malley — "Trees."

Marion Perkins — "Hold Me."

Doris Pickard — "I Wanna Go Places and Do-o Things."

Earl Pickering — "Lazy Bones."

Walter Pietrowicz — "So This Is Heaven."

Joe Podmostka — "You Gotta Be a Football Hero."

Elizabeth Rand — "Lover, Come Back To Me."

Agnes Robishaw — "Adorable."

Martha Russ — "New York Blues."

John Saunders — "Sheik of Araby."

Amor Scahill — "I Played Fiddle For the Czar."

Jennie Scibisz — "My Silent Love."

Roy Scott — "Just A Blue-Eyed Blonde."

Georgia Scourletis — "I Wanna Be Loved."

Virginia Singer — "Her Red-Headed Baby."

Annie Sojka — "Smiles."

Harold Wile — "How'm I Doin?"

Exchange

HOW fortunate for us in high school to-day that we live in the period when we are encouarged to give our opinions. Our parents and teachers encourage us at all times to express ourselves freely, and we have no better way to do so than through our school magazines and exchanges.

Those of us who have had the opportunity of reading and commenting on the various papers have profited greatly.

Therefore, it is with the best wishes that we leave our exchange friends for a happy summer and wish them success for the next school year.

"The Aegis"
Beverly, Mass.

A magazine with thought-inspiring and worthwhile articles and poems.

Each department shows concentrated work by the whole staff.

May the coming staff members follow the example set by those of 1933-34.

"The Radiator"
Somerville, Mass.

How much we enjoy hearing from our city cousins. We know before we open the "Radiator" that there will be something of interest for everyone.

The amount of fine poetry and the artistic designs on the covers show that in your large enrollment of students you also have a large proportion of talent.

We shall always keep a place in our exchange pile for the "Radiator."

"School Life"
Melrose, Mass.

Although "School Life" is not a large magazine, the contents always show fine thinking. We have profited by all the issues.

Here's wishing you an even brighter future!

"The Advance"
Salem, Mass.

We always look forward to the receipt of the "Advance," for we feel that it is an unusually good paper and well worth reading.

Your paper shows in each department ability and interest.

All the pupils in Salem High should take an interest in and be proud of their magazine.

We gratefully acknowledge exchanges from the following:

"The Ray," - Salem, N. H.

"Essex Ways" - Essex, Mass.

"Nor' Easter" - Somerville, Mass.

"The Tattler" - Nashua, N. H.

"The Record" - Newburyport, Mass.

"Spirit of Towle" - Newport, N. H.

"Early Trainer" - Lawrence, Mass.

"Phillips Bulletin" - Andover, Mass.

"Punch Harder" - Andover, Mass.

"The Observer" - Peabody, Mass.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin" - Lawrence, Mass.

JOKES

History Teacher: "Give an account of Lindbergh's feat."

Dumb Freshman: "Never saw them, madam; but I can describe Charlie Cahplin's."

Mrs. Lord (in Ancient History): "How did the world start?"

Freshman: 'Adam and Eve."

Passenger in elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Operator: "Here you are, son"

Passenger: "How dare you call me son; "you're not my father."

Operator: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

"I is . . . " began Tommy.

"I am, not I is," promptly corrected the teacher.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Tommy finished.

Senior: "How many men are there in the freshman class?"

Sophomore: "About ten."

Senior: "Is that all?"

Sophomore: "Yes, the rest will grow up eventually."

Hubby: "Your bread is all right, dear, but it's not as light as mother's."

Wife: "Well, I might add that your roll is lighter than Dad's."

"Was your friend in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"To tell the truth, Judge, I never was with him when he was alone."

Judge (talking to victim of railroad accident): "What did you say to the man with you when the accident happened?"

Victim: "I said, 'Gee! this train is coming fast, wasn't it.' "

Frosh: "You're lucky this year, Dad, you won't have to buy any books for me."

Dad: "How is that?"

Frosh: "I'll be using the same ones over again!"

Husband: "If a man steals—no matter what — he will sooner or later regret it."

Wife: "But dear, you used to steal kisses from me."

Husband: "What did I just say?"

"Absents make the marks grow rounder."

Latin Student: "Hey! Pat! Do you use the second singular or plural here?"

Another Student: "I dunno, I'm using the singular, I don't know the plural."

Teacher: "That's the third time you've looked on Mary's paper."

Student: "Yes, ma'am, she doesn't write very plainly."

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You have gone me one better," said his sea companion as he took a firm grip on the rail.

A professor gave an exam before Christmas vacation.

Student not knowing much about exams wrote on his paper, "God only knows the answer to this question. Merry Christmas."

Professor after reading the paper wrote: "God gets an 'A'. You get an 'F'. Happy New Year."

Haley was piling up "Literary Digests."

Student: "Hurry up before the bell rings."

Mrs. Cruick.: "He probably thinks he is working for the E.R.A. or C.W.A."

Haley: "No, I am working for your 'A'."

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